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NEWSmagazine of PACIFIC FISHERIES

MAY 1949

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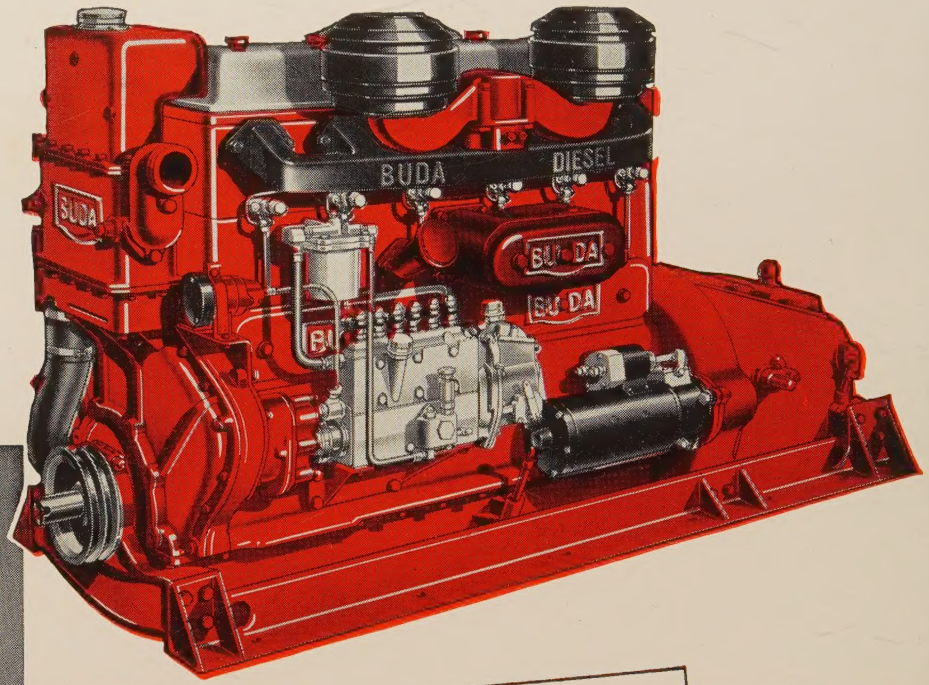

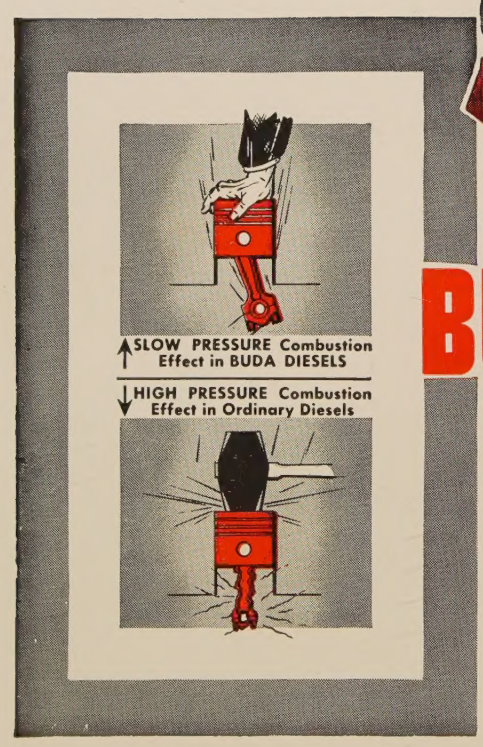

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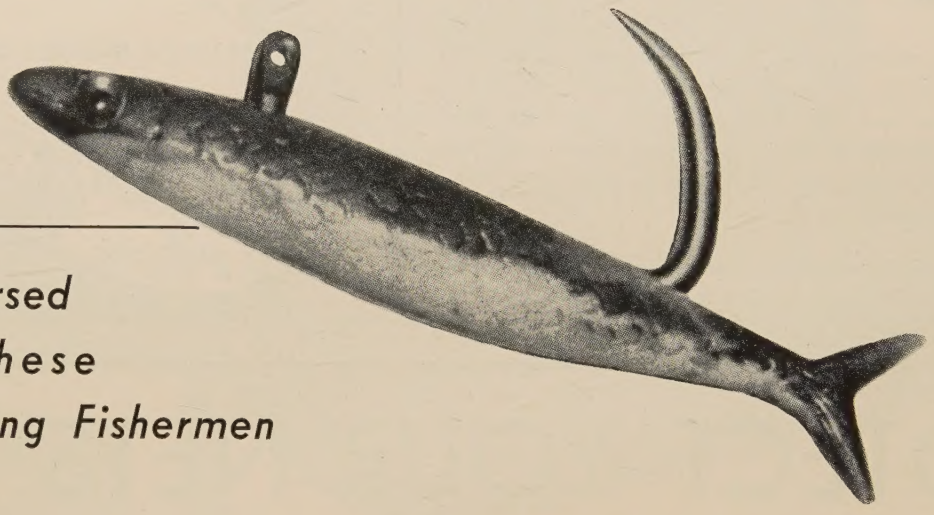

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Serving the Pan-American Fisheries

A Marine Press Publication

President and Publisher.....Oscar deBeck
Editor-in-Chief.....John Springer
Executive Editor.....Seymour E. Francis

Volumne 3 Number 6

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THE COVER

John N. Kelly, President of San Diego Commercial Fishing Boat Owners, Incorporated.

IN THIS ISSUE:

ORDINARILY, John Springer, *Marine Press'* Editor-in-Chief, has plenty to keep him busy, without doing much writing other than what it takes to wrestle up a Port Series. Most of the material that comes into the editorial offices of Pan-American Fisherman magazine is read by him, and, of course, there's the daily grind of editing selected copy, and the handing out of assignments to Pan-American's various contributing editors. Once in a while, however, a story pops up that he can't resist putting down on his typewriter, and this is one of those times. His article in this issue is about Tony Martinolich, President of Martinolich Shipyards on the Pacific Coast, and it's a good yarn. Springer met Martinolich by chance, started a conversation, and an interview took place the next day. "It was probably the pleasantest interview, in the capacity of reporter, that I have had for some time," Springer says. "The man was amazing. When I asked him how he met his wife he told me that she was a waitress in Tacoma, Washington, and added that she also was the 'best damn waitress in that city.' Whereas most interviewees, when questioned, are prone to emphasize the fact that they read much literature, Martinolich admits he is too busy to read, cares nothing for it, and is kept too busy running a first-class shipyard to deal with that 'nonsense.' On the subject of formal education, also a touchy subject with most people who have had little, he confesses he went only to the seventh grade in school, and is 'glad that I got out and went to work while I still had time to make money.' Although he owns a magnificent home in San Diego, he hasn't the faintest idea what kind of furniture he lives with, and, apparently, he doesn't care. He was, moreover, against every law that hampered his desire for the more respectable sort of freedom, and was not averse to voicing his opinion, in no uncertain terms, about any possible curtailment of such. He was, in short, one of the most completely honest men I have talked to in my entire life. Obviously, he is a top-flight shipbuilder because that is all he wants to be, has ever wanted to be, or ever will be, and is too frank to pretend other than that to anyone." You'll find the story on page 10.

●

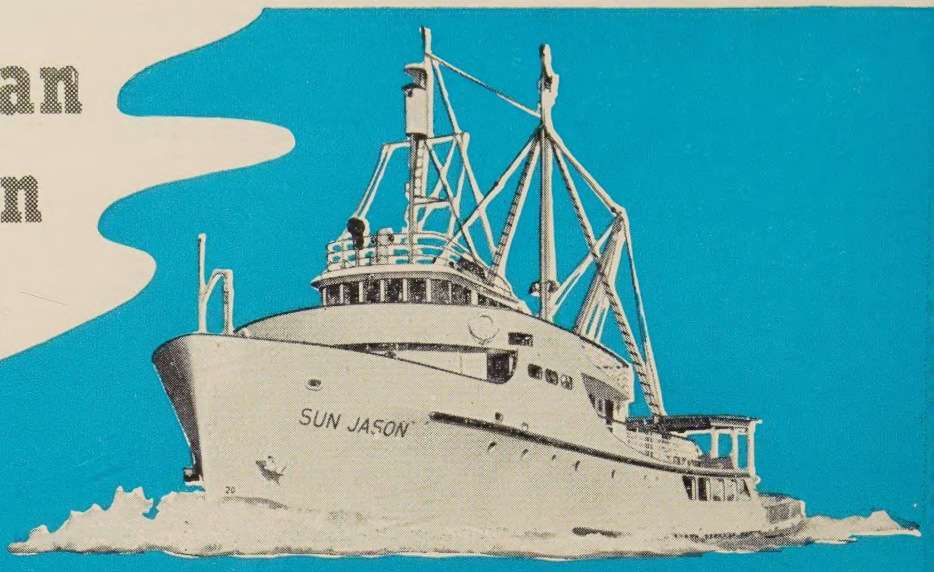
LAST month a heavy-set, 29-year-old ex-wrestler with a sunburned face and extremely calloused hands walked into the editorial offices of Pan-American Fisherman magazine and announced that he had just completed an unusual boat ride. His trip, as it developed, had encompassed 3,000 miles and had taken 53 days to wash up. He had made this voyage, he explained, in a 40-foot jig boat, and he wanted to write a story about it. His name, he went on, was Steve Strelich, and he apologized, he said, for the fact that his hands were so stiff that he could hardly hammer a typewriter. When he had been given the green light on the yarn, it soon became evident that he wasn't kidding about his hands. But he finally wound up with a rather unusual tale at that, and it's something of a wonder that he hasn't taken up writing seriously. He's had a not too retiring background; he's been a wrestler, miner, and amateur scientist in many parts of the United States. His uncle, in fact, is Steve Strelich, the well-known sports promoter and wrestler of Bakersfield, California. His piece entitled "3,000 Miles In A Jig Boat," is on page 8.

●

JOHN N. KELLY, Vardon F. Gregg and Charles L. White, all of San Diego, California, are determined that the small boat owner shall have a voice in commercial fishing matters, and, as the result, they have formed an organization that henceforth shall be known as San Diego Commercial Fishing Boat Owners, Inc. Story is on page 16.

—By William A. Walters.

A Fisherman depends on his Boat !



A FISHERMAN DEPENDS ON HIS BOAT!

You know the old saying about a carpenter and his tools! It may hold true for a carpenter, but with a fisherman it's different. If his boat is poorly built, or unseaworthy or faulty in some way—he won't come in with the high catches! That's why AVONDALE TUNA CLIPPERS are queens of the fleet—because a fisherman knows they'll stand up to a sea, that they'll range with the best, that everything to the last scupper is designed and built to perform with the best. And then too—AVONDALE CLIPPERS are built of STEEL!

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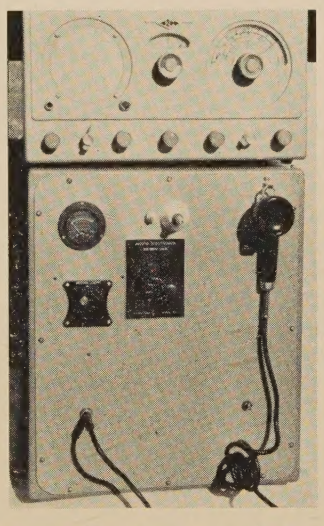

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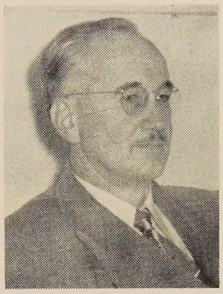
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Let's Talk It Over

ONE of San Diego, California,'s more inconsequential, and sillier, vendors of news, came out early last month with a headlined story which probably was the most comical pitch to build daily circulation yet seen in an industry that has sunk, during the past few years, to the level of pure and simple mush huckstery. The story involved so-called alien Portuguese seamen, who, having "illegally" entered this country, were working for canneries and fishing boats at "slave labor" wages, and, as the result, were forcing American-born fishermen into unemployment. Later, the Immigration Service started an investigation of the situation, which, this Big Brother newspaper and Friend of Mankind was pleased to report, concerned several hundred aliens and a like number of Americans, many of the latter "ex-GI's," who had been "beached" as the outgrowth of the alien influx. Later still, out of the "hundreds" of aliens ostensibly hogging American jobs, two bona-fide aliens were deported, and, of course, this sensational development caused San Diego's newspapers to blare like tortured yaks.



Boiled down, the manner in which these stories were presented borders the hopelessly imbecile. True, there are, as fishing people in Southern California know, some aliens working here illegally. But the actual number is so far less, from a percentage standpoint, than that given in some reports, that it has the same comparative measurements as a cyclone and whirlwind. The aliens, moreover, are not, if those who should know are correct, confined to Portuguese nationals; they also are represented by Costa Ricans and Mexicans, with the latter race substantially dominating the entire field. More yet, if there is a single alien working in a single cannery in Southern California this magazine would like to know of it, just as a matter of curiosity. The actual story, presented with an eye toward fact, is that the investigation was touched off by several disgruntled "one-trip men," some of whom were not only indifferent workers, but who had established such bad reputations that no boat would take them out.

IT had been known to Southern California's fishing people for some time that aliens, by means of stolen, begged, or borrowed seamen's papers, were illegally working on American soil. The truckloads of Mexicans which yearly are returned to their homeland because of illegal entry of the United States proved that some of them, in fact, were working as agricultural laborers. But if, as the newspapers saw it, the big tuna clipper owners were falling for letters from friends and relatives, smuggling them in, and permitting them to work for "slave wages," it was not known to the industry overall.

It is, indeed, rather fantastic to imagine that businessmen so respected as are the Monise's, Rosa's, Medina's and Perry's, would lend themselves to anything so idiotic as the smuggling of aliens, or to ask any worker to labor for "slave wages." For one thing, their boats, as are the canneries, are unionized by the powerful AFL Cannery Workers and Fishermen's Union in San Diego. For another, the law allows these boats, if short-handed, to take on extra help from foreign ports. These men, therefore, who are taken on, are hired in an absolutely legal manner, and, when the ship docks in a port like, say, San Diego or San Pedro, California, they are allowed 29 days to clear again. The ones who are here illegally, of course, are those who usually jump ship, and the number who do so is infinitesimal, to be sure. It is hardly creditable to assume that anyone in his right mind would jump a ship and a job which, on the next trip out, could bring him, at a minimum, a one-quarter to one-half share of a fish load that guarantees him anything from $500 to $1,000 for a month's work. And, while on the subject, if that sort of wage scale is of the "slave" variety, we stand corrected.

FRED MARTINEZ, business agent for the Union, has publicly welcomed an investigation of his organization. Lester Balinger, Secretary and Treasurer for the same Union has estimated that, out of about 2,000 working fishermen, not more than 50 of his card-holders are out of work. Somewhere, then, there is something wrong in the matter of computation. If there are 50 men in San Diego who presently are jobless, it would seem that the "200 to 300" aliens who reportedly are in San Pedro and San Diego illegally are not actually holding all the jobs, unless they are engaged in agricultural work, and, if such is the case, then the fishing industry still is not hooked up, as the estimable press suggests, with the smuggling business in regard to "friends and relatives."

The story, as it was presented throughout the month by several papers, was handled in a manner that seems to be typical of the American newspaper's idea of what constitutes reader reader interest today. That is to say, it was "played up," heavily colored, bolstered, and interlaced with hooey to capture the imagination of a public sentiment which currently seems to be satisfied with anything, so long as it is idiotic enough, in the way of news. The run-of-the-mill American newspaper appears to be ever and forever in search of asininities to put on its front page, and, editorially speaking, they are even worse. If they champion anything at all, they generally do so by attacking something else, and their extreme piety often is astounding. If a mongrel dog or cat gets caught in a pipe, or lost in the labyrinths of the big city, the news usually is good for several front page columns, with, quite naturally, a magnificent heart-rending picture layout.

LET a policeman get drunk, and be picked up while in his cups, and the uproar, dealing with "inefficient government," starts immediately. Editorial writers which, in the main, are ex-professors, or reporters who have become so slip-shod in the matter of fact and detail that they are unfit for anything else, spend most of their time reading the editorials of other papers and lifting them, often almost *en toto*. Thus American journalism functions from day to day.

CANNED FISH IMPORT SCORE BOARD

Last Month	68,011 cases
Total This Year	182,203 cases

Richard Rocha

CONGRESSIONAL OPINION

McKinnon's Stand:

When Clinton D. McKinnon was running for Congress he promised San Diego, California, voters that he would keep an eye on the fishing picture in general, and the tuna industry overall. By last month, in Washington, D.C., while the quota question involving foreign fish imports still was raging, he had proved his promises were not, in any sense of the word, what the late Wendell Willkie, while campaigning for the Presidency of the United States, had been pleased to label "mere campaign oratory." For one thing, he collared Truman on the subject. The text:

"Honorable Harry S. Truman
The White House
Washington, D.C.

"My dear Mr. President:

"I believe a stitch in time saves nine.

"I believe with you that foresight is better than hindsight.

"I believe we should do something now to preserve an industry vital to San Diego and other parts of the country—and at the same time not impair the friendly trade relations we seek to establish with other countries through our reciprocal trade treaties.

"We can do both—if we take immediate steps.

"The Tuna Fishing Industry — of which San Diego is the center—employs nearly 20,000 persons, represents a capital investment of $70 million, and produces $200 million a year in food and wealth.

"While fish canning is our country's oldest industry, tuna canning and marketing is one of the youngest.

"Tuna was a drug on the market until one of our enterprising Californians found a palatable way to can it and a merchandising system to make it acceptable.

"The story of how a little group risked every security they owned to create a new industry is another one of America's fantastic stories that deal with an idea, with courage, and with the initiative to make that idea a reality.

"Because this group 'sold' the American housewife the delicious flavor, the high nutrition, and the value, the United States is practically the only market in the world for canned tuna. It is scarcely known on the table of other countries.

"But in creating this merchandising miracle—the tuna canning industry sowed its own seed of destruction.

"With such a lucrative market, foreign canners were quick to move in. Japan — with cheap labor — had no trouble undercutting the market. By 1935 it was dominant, and despite duties, it had the American tuna industry on the ropes. Fishing boats were tied up, canneries closed, and long lines of unemployed added to the burden of our State and Federal governments.

"World War II put a temporary stop to Japan and gave a new chance to our tuna industry.

"World War II also proved how valuable in national defense a fishing fleet

McKinnon

could be. Particularly the large, refrigerated boats of the tuna industry, with crews that knew the reefs and tides of Guadalcanal, the Marshalls, and the Philippines. Secretary Forrestal wrote: 'As the Navy moved into the Western Pacific, the tuna clippers with their large refrigerated capacity were of particular assistance in transporting and distributing foods of all kinds to the local areas where it was vitally needed.'

"At no cost to the government, these boats and crews stand ready at a moment's notice to again join our first line of defense.

"Provided of course, that we have the boats and crews.

"For here is where the 'stitch in time' comes in.

"With sea lanes and trade routes once more open, the United States tuna industry again faces foreign competition that knows no minimum wages, no 40 hour week, no health and safety standards.

"Peru pays $1.50 per day against our $1.55 per hour—$50 per ton for fish against our $320 to $410. Mexico, Portugal, Chile, and other countries now take advantage of their low-wage standards and our high buying power based upon high wages.

"Duties and tariffs are not the answer. We found that out in the '30's during the price war with Japan. The labor differential was so great that no matter how high the duty went, there still was no basis for competition.

"We feel that the proper approach is through a flexible quota system.

"Our industry packed 5,894,495 cases of tuna in 1947 and 7,150,000 cases in 1948. For 1949, the estimate is 7,000,000 cases, and so on.

"Imports in 1947 were 292,757 cases; in 1948, 407,626, in 1949, estimate (based on first three months) 840,000 cases.

"The United States market can probably absorb seven million cases a year —but the indicated supply as of eight to nine million cases for 1950 will destroy our own industry. Already inventories of some of our packers have raised to where some canneries are closing and others are reducing employment.

"If the tuna fishing industry in the United States is to be preserved, some protective action will have to be taken sooner or later.

"The canner—the investor—can move to South America, where labor costs are lower and the fishing banks are closer.

"But the worker has no place to go and no job to substitute for the one he loses.

"By the immediate formation and announcement of a policy that recognizes the right of foreign producers to a quota based, say, on 1948, we can maintain employment and continuance of our own fishing industry and yet, at the same time, continue our good neighborly relations by taking away nothing from countries who are only in the planning stage.

"Moreover, the flexible quota system would provide the foreign fishing interests, as well as our own, a genuine incentive to expand the market in which they all would share.

"To repeat, a 'stitch' now will save unemployment in our own country and hard feelings abroad.

"I would welcome your interest in this problem and your sanction to meet with the trade commission specialists

(*Continued on Page 26*)

The GLOBE

An International News
File compiled by
FOREIGN BUREAUS
Marine Press Association

Tampico, Mexico.—Six bottles of tomato juice and a few quarts of water saw six Maimi Beach, Florida seamen through a fourteen-day bout with the open sea. The men were rescued by a Mexican fishing boat. They were the crew of the Caicos Trader of Miami. Those rescued were Capt. Thomas J. McCrory, Chief Engineer Ellsworth Totu, Navigator Homer L. Johnson, Engineer Richard A. Williams, Cook C. G. Smith and Seaman William H. Norton Jr., all of Miami. The Caicos Trader sailed March 19 from Campeche with a load of frozen shrimp. The next day the engines broke down and could not keep the water out of the ship. The crew took to their 9-foot boat with the tomato juice and water. They found the boat overloaded and they threw the engine overboard. Sheets were made into a rough sail, but the wind died down and the small boat drifted until it was sighted by the fishing boat Mesones off Tampico. The fishing boat brought them here, and Capt. Antonio Oviedo took them to the U. S. consulate. The consulate will care for them until they can be returned to Miami.

Moscow.—D. Pavlov, of Izvestiya, had certain ideas about Russian fisheries operations, and he occupied much space to that subject and the general aspects of the U.S.S.R. Food Industry in the pages of his paper. Excerpt: "The 1949 fish catch is to increase by 27 percent over the 1948 catch and 40 percent over the 1940 catch. The fishermen can not only fulfill this plan but they can overfulfill it; the only thing necessary is organization. The government has given much help to the fish industry: equipment, materials, assignment of capital investments for fleet construction, dockyards, refrigerators, net factories and tin for production of cans. However, the workers of the fish industry are making only slight use of this help and construction is unsatisfactory.

"Waterside fish processing facilities are the bottleneck in the fish industry. Non-improvement of this situation can bring about a limitation of the fish catch.

"It is of primary importance to hasten the construction of salting capacities in the fish processing plants of such remote regions as Sakhalin, Kamchatka and the shores of the Sea of Okhotsh.

"It is completely inadmissable that the fish processing plants of Khabarovsk Krai and the Sakhalin Oblest systematically pack a significant quantity of fish in boxes rather than in tubs, casks or barrels. This is the fault of the cooperage factories of the fish industry which are working **extremeiy** unsatifactorily."

New Brunswick.—In 1948, the herring ranked as the fifth most valuable New Brunswick landed species, dropping behind smelts, which increased noticeably In value, according to a March 15 report from the American Consulate at St. John. The totaling herring catch scales also declined in value during 1948; the artificially high prices of 1946 were not obtainable, as the price war among American producers of pearl essence (actually scale essence) ceased. The herring is also caught by purse seine. Throughout the remainder of the year, the weir is employed. Some gill-net fishing is done off Grand Manan Island, where the better industry is located. Prices to fishermen for herring in 1948 have been generally lower than in the previous two years. Much of the loss of landed value is traceable to the decline of scale sales to essence plants in Eastport, Maine. The herring industry in New Brunswick is in a stage of transition. It has been casting about, experimenting in the past few years with new marketing techniques. An answer has not yet been found. The future will probably find bloater sales falling off, since the public's taste for vinegar-cured fish is vanishing. The recently-developed kippered snack industry is finding difficulty in marketing its products. In 1947-48, an attempt was made to produce more tomato-sauce-packed fish; these have sold readily. Primarily, the processing of the herring is limited by the small scale of operations, resulting from lack of organization among the fishermen and the small magnitude of canning operations. Improvement of technique, cutting of costs, modernization and economical operation of processing plants, and definite improvements in marketing are all needed.

Costa Rica—Costa Rican exports of fresh (frozen) tuna were almost doubled in 1948, but this increase was more than offset by the decline in exports of the canned product so that total tuna exports dropped below the 1947 total, according to a March 4 report from the American Embassy at San Jose. The Government seems to have decided that both purse seiners and the bait boats are accceptable types of gear.

Costa Rican Exports of Fresh, Frozen and Canned Tuna

Quantity		Value	
1948	1947	1948	1947
(metric tons)		(In thousands of U.S. $)	
2,965	3,210	818	921

As evidence of its belief that the State has at least an interest in all of the means of production within the country, the Junta has issued three decree-laws affecting the fisheries in Costa Rican waters. The first decree extended Costa Rican sovereignty over waters within 200 miles of the coast; the second laid the basis for the establishment of various conservation and control measures within these waters; and the third, issued in January of 1949, established various taxes to be paid by the fishermen. A larger catch was reported through the customs office in Puntarenas than at any time within the past ten years. Much of the tuna caught by boats based at Puntarenas came from as far away as the Galapagos Islands. A considerable amount also was caught off the Costa Rican and Panamanian Coast.

3000 MILES

'Small Fry Expedition' Proves Cruising Range

(Here's a story that should appeal to commercial fishermen and landlubbers alike. The former will understand what it means to travel 3,000 miles on a small boat in search of tuna, and it explains to the latter what it feels like to go out for the first time. It was written by Steve Strelich, a former Los Angeles wrestler and mine worker. Strelich makes no pretense to writing style, and admits he is not a trained fisherman. But he'd like to be, and, to all intent and purposes, he'd make a good one.)

•

By STEVE STRELICH

POINT LOMA, California, near San Diego, looked especially good. I had barely completed an ocean voyage of about 3,000 miles in a small fishing boat, and we were down to our last can of hash, last gallon of water, and our last five gallons of fuel. The trip, indeed, is one that I'll not soon forget—and reasonably so—because I had aided in accomplishing something that heretofore had not been attempted.

When Earl Williams of San Diego, the owner of the *Grace L.*, asked me if I wanted to go on a commercial fishing trip down South, I had readily agreed. Not once did it enter my head that I'd see far-away Socorro Island from the deck of a 40-foot jig boat. Nor, did I think that I'd be sailing up and down the Coast of Lower California, to Ceralbo, Los Frailes, the Cape and then into Magdalena Bay!

I was tired, mentally and physically. It depressed me, upon our arrival, to think that I had traveled over almost half of the Pacific Ocean, knocked myself down to a nubbin, only to come back with half a load of yellowtail—a total of $160 for my share—for 53 days work. But I learned one thing. The one conclusive feature of the trip was proof that small boats have got plenty of cruising range, if a man wants to push them.

Having talked to many people in the commercial fishing business, I had heard that it's too impractical to travel as far as we did. An altogether familiar opinion is, "if good fishing is not fairly close to shore, the little boats should wait for albacore." I don't agree. The following tale of my trip aboard the *Grace L.*, in company with the *Essie M.*, our running mate, owned by San Diego's Jimmy Heacock, represents to me a solved problem and perhaps an answer to off-season fishing for small boat owners.

We pulled away from the Shell Oil Company dock in San Diego at 9 p. m., the night of January 19, and, after rounding the mile marker, headed South for Turtle Bay. The first few days out I tried sounding out the skipper of the *Grace L.*, Curtis Franklin. It seemed to me important that one should pretty well understand a shipmate before getting too far underway. Often a lot of differences can be avoided, and they will occur, especially with two people thrown together for a long period of time. I knew both Jimmy Heacock Jr., and his father well, and Curt turned out to be just as good a Joe. The four of us, in fact, which comprised the entire group for the expedition, never had an argument throughout.

Anyway, we catted across the Channel at Cedros, and Jimmy Sr., told me it was the quietest and smoothest that he had ever seen the Channel in all the time he had been going South. We pulled out of Turtle Bay and made tracks for Mag Bay. When we were quartering a following swell going down, and about 10 hours out of Mag, the pilot went out on us and we had to hassle it in the rest of the way. That night we dropped the hook and had a council to decide whether to stay in Mag, and get a quick load of yellowtail, or to go ahead with the original long voyage idea. Hoping that we'd be much wiser as time went on, we thought that we'd sleep on it, and, the next morning, while Curt and the two Jimmys discussed the destination and leaving time, I tried to fix the pilot. After fiddling with it for awhile, Curt came inside and said "drop it" and we'd check over the lines and set up our lash on the poles, and get the jigs and rest of the gear out. That day and part of the night we tried to get squared away, so we could leave the next day at noon, with an estimated running time to Socorro of about 52 hours.

On our way out of Mag, we stopped the clipper, *Conqueror*, and asked the skipper, Johnny Reppo, if they had an electrician aboard who could help us with the motor of our Wood Freeman pilot. No soap. About four hours underway, and in the next two hour break, when Curt took over the wheel, I tore into the motor and gear box unit of the

Explorers

Jimmy Heacock, Sr., the author, Curtis Franklin, and Jimmy Heacock, Jr.

JIG BOAT!

to San Diego Harbor: nall Fishing Craft

pilot and started to dismantle it. I was certain that the thing could be fixed, even though my mechanical knowledge was limited. No oil had been put in the gear box and the transfer gear was frozen on the shaft and wouldn't turn. After breaking it loose and smoothing out the shaft with some emery cloth, I reassembled the gears, and to my great surprise, I didn't have any extra gears and the job was a success.

ON the second day out, I had a mast line strung out, about 20 fathom, and while I sat on the stern, basking in the sun, WHAM! the line stretched taut and b'god I hauled in the first fish of the trip, a dolphin about 37 inches long. A succulent fish fry. Then, later in the day, we hauled in a skip jack. Our score: two for the day. That was no worry to us, still thinking of a hold of yellowfin gold.

Well, that night I stayed up most of the night hoping to be the first to spot San Benidicto Island, but the night gave way to the dawn and dawn grew into day and after about two and-a-half hours of peering through the low haze Curt spotted the turret-shaped hills of the island. About four that morning the wind started to pick up, and it stayed with us for the rest of the trip. There at Benidicto we pulled around to the lee of the island and cut the mills down, checked oil, and got checked out for Socorro, which, even then, we couldn't see. After bandying back and forth a few choice, coarse expressions with the Heacocks, we swung out for Socorro and our expectant load of yellowfin. We caught the north east corner of Socorro about eleven and were near the island fishing around two in the afternoon.

Again, while I was sitting on the stern, *booiiinng!* goes the line and, after fighting for ten minutes I finally hauled in our first and last yellowfin, at Socorro. We ran down the island to Braithwaite Bay, and went on around the point to the landing cove, where we dropped the hook. Later on, we saw another small boat coming around the point, which surprised us no end. It was the *High Seas*, a double ender. He pulled into the cove by us and dropped his hook too. When boats are a long way from small boat waters, and a stranger arrives, he should be greeted and if at all agreeable, the various bits of information should be exchanged that had been gathered during their fishing day. Or so they tell me. Two days later we hailed him in passing and babbled again. After having eaten and scoured the pan away, we went below to sack out, readying for morning.

The next day we had breakfast and set out to get our load. We made a run back to Pearce's Point where we snagged the one fish and made a few passes at the territory, traveling at albacore jig speed. The total take that day was two wahoos and that was it. The one wahoo I was pulling in battled like hell and then, all of a sudden, decided to jump. And jump he did, right on deck and headed on into the side of the bait tank. He didn't miss me far, and I'm glad he didn't come closer, after taking a second look at his snout and armor plating on his head. If he had ever hit me, I'd still be digging out the scales.

By this time, I had thoroughly warmed up to the idea of fishing tuna in a small boat. Although we hadn't hit 'em yet you couldn't discount the possibilities that presented themselves. I got the idea then, and still have it, that it would be feasible to fish down in the islands of the Central Pacific with a jig boat, and feed a bigger boat.

That day we worked up and down the eastern side of the island, and after the weather got too bad to work the boats, and also no fish, we decided to go on the hook for the rest of the day. The first big tuna boat seen was Johnny Reppo's *Conqueror*. Our pilot was still slightly out of whack so we cruised over to the *Conqueror* to see if we could use Johnny's lathe to turn the commutator on the motor. When Johnny first saw us he asked, "What the hell are you guys doing out here in those small boats?"

After tying on to his stern we went aboard, and his engineer turned the commutator down for us. Then we sat with the cook and some more of the crew and drank several cups of coffee and talked about the possibility of small boats making runs out to the island and getting loads of yellowfin. They already had aboard 75 ton, and had just made

Grace L.

their bait at Mag Bay and were all set to knock 'em dead, when the weather changed and the water got cold, and the fish just weren't there. I got a great laugh out of the crew who had gone ashore to try and get a couple of sheep that are scattered over the island. With new guns and during the best part of the day, too, they came back skunked. Yet Jimmy Jr. and I had gone ashore the day before and tracked a buck ram, ewe, and kid, bagging them with our rusty .22's. We had plenty of meat for the next two or three weeks.

After having drunk a few more cups of the cook's fine coffee, we decided to get back over into the landing cove and drop the hook. When we got back over to the *Essie M.* and hollered out to Jimmy, he suggested that we try some bottom fishing, which should have been good. So, poking along the rocks we pulled into a little hole in the wall and dropped a couple of lines over the side, before the lines had hit the bottom they were loaded. Jimmy hauled the first one in with a good sized cabrillo; the place was lousy with them. Curt, thinking of the duty to pay on them, decided not to load up and we just took a few for eating purposes. We should have followed Johnny on over to Roca Partida then, and we would have gotten our load of yellowfin and been on our way home long before we did. The rest of the day we spent chasing up and down the rocks and getting nothing but cabrillo. That night we decided to try

(*Continued on page 12*)

SILHOUTTE

Anthony C. Ma

From a Hammer and Saw to

(Anthony Carl Martinolich has become something of a criterion of success to more than one young man with aspirations to make a fortune in the shipbuilding business. Currently owner of four huge Pacific Coast shipyards, he started off the works with little more than a few tools, and now, of course, he's in the gravy. Here's the way he worked it, and a litle something on his background.)

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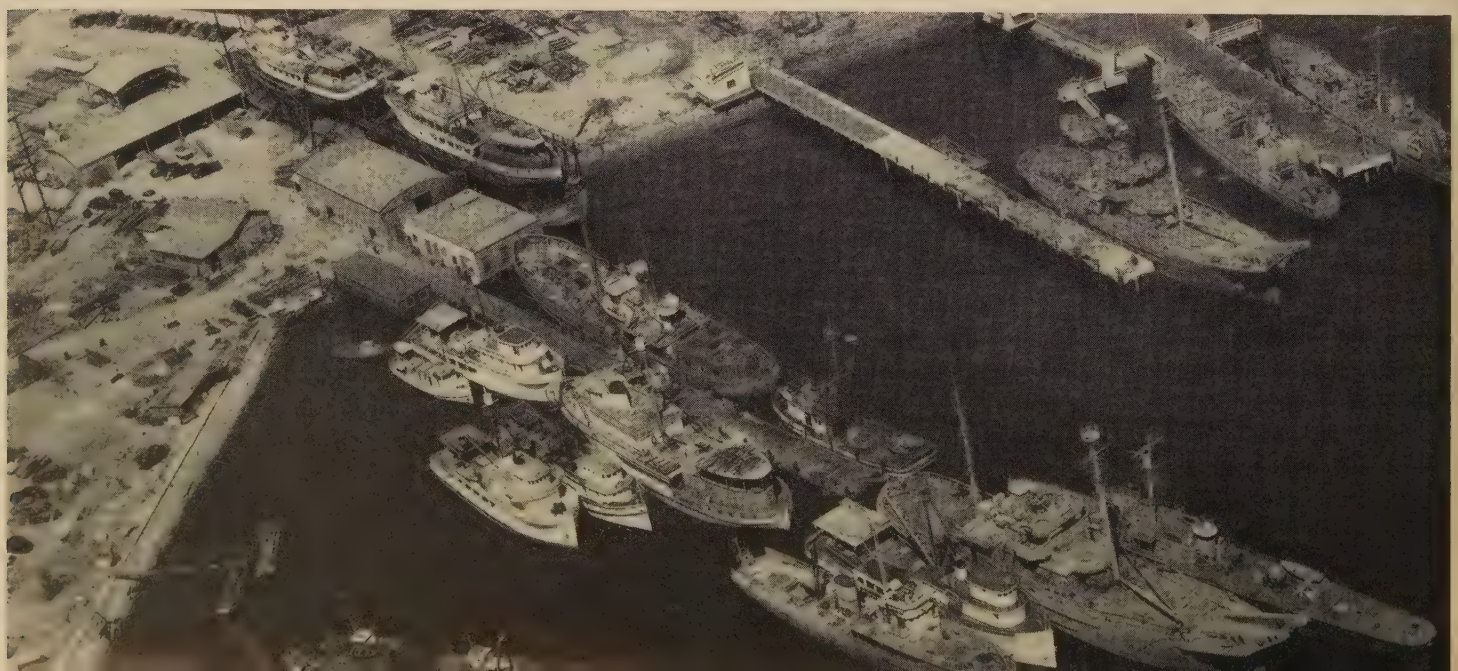
By JOHN SPRINGER
Marine Press Staff Writer

SHORTLY after bull-necked Anthony Carl Martinolich, who, at 46, is President and owner of the sprawling Pacific Coast Martinolich shipyards, returned home upon his graduation from grade school, his father, John A., took him firmly by the ear, led him to a secluded spot in their Tacoma, Washington, home, and bade him sit for serious palaver. "Education," he told young Anthony, "is a good thing. But it can be run into the ground. You now are able to put figures on paper, and to read and write. Any other formal learning you require must be undertaken after working hours. You are going to work, starting tomorrow. We will have no more of this nonsense." When John A. Martinolich, Anthony's 24-year-old, 242-pound son and General Manager of his father's San Diego, California, shipyard, came home nine years ago clutching an eighth grade diploma, his father crooked a muscular forefinger at him and led the way into the library of his $85,000 Point Loma district home in San Diego. "This tomfoolery is at an end," he told young John. "If you want to know anything more you can study it after work. Now get into the harness the first thing tomorrow morning, and let's have no more to say about it. You've got to begin making money before you're too old."

The Martinolich clan's conception of what best fits a person in the matter of preparing for a career has been, of course, a subject for speculation through the years, by people they know. Obviously not everyone will agree with their firmly-seated conviction that college degrees are nice, but somewhat on the poppycock side; and that a 10-hour shift rather than advanced education, is exactly the thing to bring a youngster health, wealth and wisdom. For those critics, however, who see in the Martinolich's philosophy a stratum of Simon Legree influence, there exists today, and has so for years, a rather disconcerting record of achievement. At the end of April, 1949, there were no less than four of the roaring Martinolich shipyards in operation on the Pacific Coast, and, since 1936, the organization has had so little "labor trouble" that the term, to its executives, means nothing more than a phrase in the morning newspaper. A great portion of the reason behind this evidently can be traced to a long-standing admonition that longtime employees have been known to hand out to new ones. "Don't cross the old man. If he tells you to burn the yard, then do so. Follow his orders and you can be working with us for the rest of your life. Jump him once and you're out."

WHATEVER scholars may think of Anthony Martinolich's attitude regarding the Muses, there certainly can be no fault found with his interpretation of Mammon. Interpretors, of the economic variety, have been known indeed to claim that any man who can begin life with a claw hammer, and wind up with a million-dollar business concern, would have to know his stuff about variety arcana. Disregarding inconsequential speculation, there is one thing, as the saying goes, for damn sure: Martinolich is pretty generally spoken of as one of the shrewdest and most capable shipbuilders in the business. Oddly enough, considering his contempt for the light touches, he is, moreover, apparently a man of definite artistic temperment. This streak is emphasized in more than one way, and there is no need of reference to the high amperage shipbuilding jobs that his yards have turned out to prove the point. The record there already is well known. But his house is a good case history. A palacial structure located on the Point Loma beach, it is, like the ships he turns out, a miracle of compactness, advanced structural architecture, and completion. This he designed, built himself, and the property overall includes a private dock, which, by some hook or crook, he managed to build to match the Spanish influence of his home; a huge garage, and what seems like miles of lawn. The inside walls represent a maze of small, delicately-modeled purse seine, jig boat, and motor boat replicas. Some of these were made by himself, and some were constructed by his father, now retired. His Rumpus Room, also personally executed and designed, is his favorite hangout. It is 18 feet wide,



Industry
Aerial view of the sprawling Martinolich Shipyard in San Diego, Californna.

nolich:

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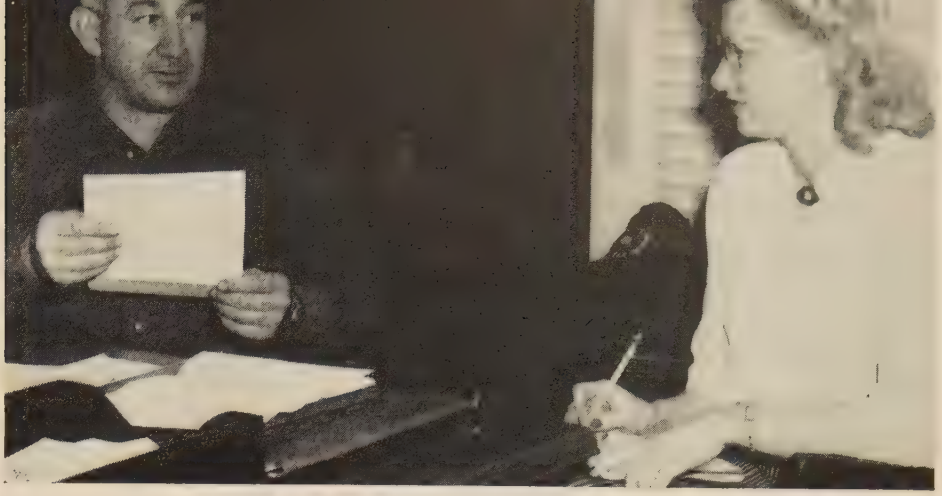
42 feet long, and is fitted with a barbecue pit and cocktail bar and fireplace. His furniture and other household equipment, he admits, he left to his wife for selection. "I don't know what kind of stuff we have from day to day," he says. "She moves it all around about twenty times a week, and I wanted her to have a chance to get light enough furnishings so that she could have her fun and not break her back." Whatever element of native artistry may lurk in his system, of course, has been developed by the years he spent in designing, building, and fishing from boats of one nature or another. He was working, in fact, at 8, and has enjoyed, to be sure, a rather colorful complement of experiences.

Born in Tacoma, Washington, May 27, 1903, of Austrian decent, he was one of seven children. Martinolich *pere*, in those days was something of a jack-of-all-trades, including a working knowledge of mechanics, engineering, carpentry, boat-building, and commercial fishing. Young Anthony, by the time he could understand what people said to him, already had been playing with industrial tools, in lieu of toys, for several years. When he was around 15, and a trim 165-pounder just under six-feet, he got the traveling itch and joined the United States Navy, with which eventually he wound up in various ports of the Far East. In 1921, he got the boxing bug, and, after what he characterizes as several resounding beatings,



On the Job

Anthony C. Martinolich dictates to his Secretary of seven years, Miss Caroline Cutler.

he began to get good. By 1922, the years of hard work under his father apparently had produced too much muscle for lads who had the same athletic inclinations, and in that year he won the middleweight championship of the Asiatic Station. Then, in 1923, he served out his hitch and returned to Tacoma, determined to make some money. It was a fairly long time in coming, and entailed labors such as commercial fishing, shipbuilding for several Tacoma yards, and a number of other endeavors too numerous for enumeration. In this form of endeavor, of course, he made a good living. But the sovereign coin was not coming in at the accelerated rate he had wanted, and he began casting an eye about for a business opportunity. Already an experienced boat-builder, he decided to get into the swim on his own.

ALONG the North Pacific coastline for more than 4,000 miles the city of Tacoma, Washington, had become, by 1936, famed for its ship building industry. Tacoma-built boats, for many years, had enjoyed a reputation of top-flight performance wherever the far-flung fishing fleet was at work, and it was an area in which competition, to say the least, was tough. Why he chose to start a business in an area that promised such formidable competitors is something that Martinolich himself is unable to explain. "I don't know," he says. "I guess it was my vanity at work." At any rate, he got his tools together, rented a small spot near where the present booming Martinolich yard is located, and went to work. An example of his working capital at the time is revealed in some old bills, which he has kept as momentos. Their dates show that the entire works was started on the cuff. The speed, however, with which

Executive

Earl N. Clagett, Assistant Manager of the San Diego yards.

Executive

John Martinolich, General Manager, Martinolich Shipbuilding Company at San Diego, California.

his firm gained ground, may be seen in this excerpt from the *Tacoma Times* newspaper, which, in 1938, was sufficiently impressed to devote three-quarters of its front page to the Martinolich venture:

". . . . Much of this favorable reputation (ship building) which comes to the Tacoma yards grows out of the construction and workmanship of the numerous fleet units launched at the yards of the Martinolich Shipbuilding Corporation, an unpretentious little industry which renewed operations two years ago last December on a site near the head of the city waterway.

"There four shipways reach down to tidewater and every time a new fishing boat slides down those ways, with champagne dripping from its newly-christened bows, an economic event takes place which equals in importance

(*Continued on page 36*)

3000 Miles In a Jig Boat

(*Continued from Page 9*)

a run around the island to see if that might not give us a few fish.

THE next morning, bright and early, the first morning that we did get up early, we set out for our run around the island. After making a few runs around the point and past the big boats we headed around the island, and just after we got around a point we hit a mess of little fish that, to me, looked a lot like perch. None of us had ever seen them, so we didn't know what to call them. Having talked to other fishermen later I found that there is a name for them, but I've forgotten it. While going around the island I noticed several places that made fine small boat anchorages. I only wish that I could have spent a little more time examining the shore of that island, and see what the beaches had to offer. I know that you could raise plant food on that soil. Some of the soil that I had seen, when we went ashore for sheep, looked awfully good to me, and I am certain that a healthy crop of potatoes could grow there. A lot of other fresh vegetables could be raised, and the fresh water that I drank tasted better to me than the city water in San Diego. After having completed our island circle we came back to Braithwaite Bay and decided to head up into the Gulf to the Island of Ceralbo and try some grouper fishing. That afternoon we headed out for the light of Cape San Lucas and left Socorro behind us.

Optimistically, I kept my mast line out in hopes that we might be able to get some strikes that would get us our yet to be realized load of big pay fish. The weather was fine the rest of that day and night. The next morning it started to pick up a little, and by the afternoon the *Grace L.* had the chance to prove herself the sea boat she was claimed to be. And prove it she did. That to me was the roughest part of the whole trip, and I was doubly thankful for the rugged qualities of the boat. Looking over at the *Essie M.* I could see that everything that Jim Sr. had told me about his reasons for building the boat the way he did, were perfectly logical, and she cut the water slick, even though she took spray. Not once did I see her rear and plow into the seas. As Jimmy Jr. said, "Not bad for a backyard boat, eh, Stevo?" I agreed wholeheartedly with him.

Of all the fishing boats I have seen on this coast, that boat is without parallel. It is just a question of their knowing what they wanted in a boat and building it to their ideas and allowing function in design so that minor gear changes could be made without any great trouble, The boys haven't fished as long as some fishermen, but if a boat consistently brings in a full load of fish, it could be nothing else but good, at that. I'd like to add that I take my hat off to Jim Sr., sixty-five years old, and still be able to take the gaff of a trip. He has got stamina; I hope I have when I reach that age. Unlike many other older people he hasn't imbued himself with fixed ideas. It is a great pleasure to discuss new ideas with him, and debate with him.

Having spent the rest of the day caroming off bulkheads, I retired to the comfort of my sack, for a few hours of sleep before the night came. When I awoke later that night, having had the bunk drop out from under me with each monster swell, I thought I might as well be sitting up in the cabin, bracing myself. During the evening came one of the funniest incidents of the trip. Curt had put his false teeth in a cup and set

them behind the water pump above the sink. Immediately behind the cup was a jar of peanut butter. The boat, giving an extra heavy roll, pitched the teeth out of the cup, down into the sink, and dropped the peanut butter jar on top of the teeth and broke them neatly in two. Curt chewed but half his food from then on.

Following rapidly on the heels of the teeth incident came the innundation of my bunk. On the shelving above we had six, five gallon cans of motor oil, and two gallon jugs of distilled water. The continual pounding of the cans had weakened the slats, and another good slamming sent the oil cans and battery water tumbling down in a heap on my bunk and, naturally, the two jugs broke, soaking my bedding with water and some oil. I didn't get to use my bunk that night or the next day.

WE had picked up the light of San Lucas about nine thirty and had it abeam around twelve thirty or one. Once we got around the Cape it quieted down considerably. The greater part of the next day was spent repairing, and cleaning up the debris. First item out was my bedding, to dry. Late that afternoon we pulled into Los Frailes and dropped the hook. Immediately we had our "official" visitors, a couple of Mexican army men who wanted to check our papers. Naturally, coffee was passed around, cigarettes, leaders, hooks, jigs, lines, and Lord knows what else. We got some good information from them.

We caught a few groupa and cabrillo, and a couple three of the orange groupa, through the next day. The following day we worked up to Point Arena, and worked along the rocks and the beach on the way up to Ceralbo. We found some good fishing along the beach just past Point Arena and the rock pile. We made Ceralbo later that night and were very much relieved to have made our second point of destination without too much trouble.

The next couple of days we jigged around the island and tried some bottom fishing off of Seal Rock on the north west end of the island. After a couple of fruitless days of this, it was decided that the best thing to do was to go back around to Mag Bay and make a load of yellowtail, now that the possibility of high priced fish was out of the question. Jimmy had talked to several fishermen in Mag, and he got the report that the water was warming up, which meant that the yellowtail would go good. Along about this time I had resigned myself to the possibility of a flop load. There seemed to be unusual circumstances connected with this experimental trip.

Until we got into the fishing grounds at Socorro, we had wonderful weather and the reports coming up from below seemed most favorable, but when we got there the fishing just seemed to have died out. After having agreed that, to return to Mag Bay was the most sensible thing to do, the next morning, bright and early, we headed back down the Gulf, after taking a parting shot at the pinnacle rock that looked as if it might have a few groupa around the bottom. No dice. For an hour or so we headed out for Los Frailes and anchorage again. On our way down we passed two big boats going up, the *Di-Ho* and the *Venetian.* That day I noticed the amount of the debris and the discoloration of the surrounding water. I actually saw stumps of trees and even full length trees floating down with us. I found out later that the conditions that prevailed in the Gulf at the time we were there, were most unusual. Having been under way for a little while we started to pick up black skip jack.

Suddenly all of the lines loaded, and I tried to pull some of the lines in, but it seemed as if I were trying to pull in a two or three pole tuna. When I flop-

ped the first one aboard and saw the size of the yellowtail, Curt cut her down and went into a circle. For the next few minutes I really had it, dragging some of those 35 to 45-pound yellowtail. It surprised me, to say the least. We circled around there for a little while longer and, after seeing they went just as fast as they had come, we headed on down the beach to Los Frailes. The next big one that was hauled in was two pole tuna we picked off of La Riveriera, with the mast line and a white bone jig with a blue nose. When he hit that jig, coming up out the water and slamming back down, I thought that the line would pop and we'd never get him. Jimmy told me later that he was watching me haul him in and he didn't think that I would make it. Neither did I.

I pulled him in to about a fathom from the stern of the boat, when he decided he wanted to stay in the water. I hung on to the line, and when he gave one good flip he nearly pulled me in with him. I tried to brake the line in my hands and all I got was a *zziinngg* and a burning sensation as some of the hide peeled off the palm. After what seemed years later I flipped him in, and was relieved to see him pounding the deck. That netted us the last tuna of the trip. Following that pick-up, we kept right on high balling for Los Frailes. We dropped anchor there and that night; I took the skiff and rowed over to the *Venetian*, which was standing by, and chewed the fat with the boys, and, of course by the time I got there, most of the crew had gone to sleep. There was only a couple of guys awake. Even as big a boat as the *Venetian* has trouble with range, and the boys were amazed by the length of our trip.

The next morning we started out for the Cape, and headed for the anchorage at Lobos Point. Going past Del Cabo and on to San Lucas, the lines loaded with cannel bass, which Curt said had no market value. Having made Lobos Point, we thought that we'd try some bottom fishing up off of Marquis point, but when we got there the next day, the water was dirty and Jimmy decided that it would be too dangerous to try and work around those rocks, so we headed on up to give Tosco Point a try.

That was more of the same, so we just kept on and headed for the channel and Entrada point. We didn't know it at the time, but Mag Bay proved to be one of the most interesting, if not the most unusual part of the trip. We made Belcher Point late that night, and I was glad to be able to hit the rack. The next morning, when I got up, there were boats around us. Big boats, small boats,

(*Continued on page* 18)

Golden Gate

By JOHN Q. ALLEN

ON the opening day of the salmon season last month, the California State Fish and Game Commission sent a group of fishermen through the Golden Gate for the express purpose of fishing all day and returning to the dock *without* a single fish. In spite of bad weather, these men managed to catch nearly seventy salmon, and toss them back into the sea with the Commission's tags attached. If any of these fish are caught again, the tag should be returned to the State, with information concerning the location, and a premium will be paid to the fisherman. There is considerable activity on the waterfront, with the local fishermen signing up for the opening of the salmon season in Alaska this June. Meanwhile, the bottom fish market price has taken such a dive since the end of the Lenten season, that, if it continues, Alaska may see practically all of the San Francisco fishermen this Summer. The latest price drop, as an example, is Fillet of Rock Cod to 9c a pound, F.O.B. Astoria, and English Sole to 24c a pound on the northern markets, which knocks the bottom out of the San Francisco market. However, while the market fishing looks rather black in general, the price of crabs jumped from $3.50 a dozen to $4.00 here in the Bay area, and from 10c to 12c a pound in Eureka, California.

THERE are a few boats out of San Francisco fishing Soupfin shark in the Santa Barbara area. Among them is the *Diana W.* with shark fishing veteran, Tommy Thompson, at the helm, fishing for George Castagnola of Santa Barbara. Captain Thompson has been fishing shark along the coast of California, Mexico and Central America since the livers were first found to contain high potency Vitamin A.

THE last tuna boat to come in and unload at a local cannery, that I know of, was the *Arlene S.* out of San Pedro. She unloaded 112.5 tons of bluefin to the F. E. Booth Company's Packing Plant. Incidently, it is rumored that the F. E. Booth Company used a portion of this load to pack something new in the canned fish products line, a tuna paste to be used for Canapes and Hors d' ouvres. I picked up a can, and liked it, even if it didn't taste like tuna. Apparently, they are in somewhat of a quandry as to how to market the new product. I don't believe that they have distributed it as yet. Before the war, they packed a similar type of product which they called "sardine paste." After a considerable expenditure for advertising and promotional work, it began to gain popularity among the buying public. Unfortunately, during the war they did not pack it, and the buyers lost interest. Now, they find themselves back where they started in this venture, and are probably a little dubious about taking a flyer on the tuna paste. However, I hope they do, because it is my opinion that they have something unique. . . . A new boat, the *Frances Jean*, recently was completed here in a Pittsburg yard for Salvatore Saia. She is 33 feet and with half ring gear, he is planning to go market fishing out of Monterey. She is also equipped with Fisher Outside Loop Direction Finder installed by Baltz of Pacific Marine Radio.

THE quiet even tempered atmosphere of the State Fish and Game Commission's offices in the Ferry Building was completely disrupted last month, when I went in to obtain the 1948 figures on the amount of crab landed in the San Francisco region. One of their men was reading off the monthly figures to me, when I heard him say, "10,282 lbs. for October." October, of course, is in the middle of the closed season. After giving this figure a triple take, he referred it to the girl who tabulates the statistics from the tickets that are turned in by the wholesalers. It turned out that the tickets had already been forwarded to the San Pedro office, so there was no immediate way of checking upon it. In the meantime, the Harbor Commission got wind of it, and was ready to steam out and make an arrest of someone for poaching crabs last year. Incidently, 4,598.221 lbs. of crab were landed here last year, (maybe).

SAN FRANCISCO'

Is It On

(San Francisco's colorful crab fleet is faced with a knotty dilemma, according to *Marine Press* reporter, John Q. Allen, and, as the result, the Bay Area could lose not only a substantial industry, but a part of its tradition, if the situation is not cared for. The market is shot, says Allen. Here's his explanation:)

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By JOHN Q. ALLEN
Marine Press Contributing Editor

ONE of San Francisco's oldest and most romantic industrial operations today is confronted with a market slump that, in many ways, promises nothing short of bankruptcy for those involved. In brief, if the marketing of local crab brought into San Francisco Bay is not considerably extended, the pioneers of the California crab fishing industry, and their picturesque Monterey-type boats, are doomed. This is no idle speculation. It is either indicated or expressed outright by every fisherman you talk to.

At one time, this was considered the most productive crab fishing region along the California coast. As a matter of fact, the little Dalmation-blue-trimmed craft have been sailing through the Golden Gate in pursuit of the market crab since before 1880. At that time, of course, they were selling their catch at North Beach for 80c a dozen. In spite of this meager price, however, much of colorful Fisherman's Wharf, as it is today, was built on the fortunes accumulated by these hardy originators of the crab industry. Names such as Sabella, Onorato, Alioto, Brocato and Scafine have indelibly left their impressions on the bizarre atmosphere of Fishermans' Wharf in San Francisco.

The crab fishermen have thrived here in the past, because of a very tight system of control which originated in 1912 under the name of The Crab Fishermen's Protective Association. This organization, which incorporated in 1913, was managed for many years by A. Farina, of San Francisco, and existed by deducting 5% of the fishermen's weekly check for operating expenses. In return for this fee, the fishermen were guaranteed a definite market price for their catch, and they received other compensations as well. Since most of the crab fishermen were from Dalmatia, and of Italian descent, the Association set up an Americanization school for them so that they had ample opportunity to obtain citizenship. They had a recreation hall with game tables and various other amusements, where the men could relax and talk. There was a fund to provide funeral expenses for any of the members who died. The Association also stood one third of the fishermen's loss in the event of shipwreck, or mishap to his boat. This was taken out of the accumulated funds made up from the weekly check deductions.

THEY were also given the benefit of lobbyist at the State Capitol. An important example of the Association's power took place in 1917, when a state law was passed forbidding the export of crab from the districts which comprise Del Norte, Humboldt and Mendocino Counties. In an attempt to justify the legislation, it was pointed out that any heavy commercial fishing would exhaust the population of the crabs in the area. This was despite the fact that the State Fish and Game Division had already effected the present law prohibiting the taking of crabs less than seven inches across the back. This law was enacted in 1911, and afforded ample protection for the species, because only mature males could be taken, and the crabs were protected during their molting and spawning season by a closed period. Any efforts to change the Del Norte, Humboldt and Mendocino Counties law were, for many years, thwarted by a combination of a few local people, and the San Francisco crab interests.

The reason for this, and other controlling measures, is quite obvious. San Francisco has never wanted any crab imported into its area because, during the reign of the Protective Association, the retail dealers were arbitrarily informed of the price they would pay, and the number of crabs they would handle, in spite of the supply and demand. Any attempts to expand the area of marketing, during this time, were continually restrained for fear that it would necessitate the importation of outside crabs.

Under a court ruling made in 1938, the Eureka fishermen were able to export crabs caught outside the three mile limit. Most of these were shipped to San Francisco, and, with the crabs coming in from Washington and Oregon, it began to knock the props out from under the local market. As a result of this, and other expansion measures, the Eureka area became the largest crab producing region on the coast, and San Francisco fell into a bad second. Finally, in 1942, the San Francisco Crab Protective Association was disbanded. This was mainly due to the war, and because there were allegedly so many aliens in its membership at the time.

THE main methods of catching crab here have changed very little during the years. Most of the boats are from 26 to 30 feet in length, and are powered by gasoline motors of from 6 to 15 H.P. They are usually operated by one man, and they arrive at the fishing grounds at day break, where they begin

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Threatened?

Typical crab boat operating off San Francisco coastline. Photo courtesy John Broman.

CRAB INDUSTRY:

y Out?

dropping their hoop nets over the side. This type of gear, that is still in use today by many of the boats, has proven successful since its inception. The hoop net consists of two concentric rings of iron joined together by net. When dropped to the bottom with a line attached to a buoy, it lies flat on the ocean floor. There is a burlap sack in the bottom which holds fresh cut sardines, and the oil from this bait attracts the crabs to the center of the rings, where they remain until the fisherman comes back to run the string and start picking up the nets. When he hauls on the line, the top ring raises first, and forms a basket which carries the captured crabs to the surface. This operation was, for many years, performed by hand, but recently has been accomplished by a snatch block and a power take-off from the engine, to save time and labor. Twenty to thirty nets are usually set with their buoys, and the string is run about every hour; for as long, at least, as it is producing crab. The custom has been to fish from daybreak until about noon. Then the boats proceed back to the wharf, where the crabs are placed in burlap sacks and sold that afternoon, if possible.

The San Francisco fishermen have been utilizing a fairly large area, however, they potentially have a crab fishery of 1200 square miles out to the 100 fathom mark. Some parts of the bottom, of course, are not suitable for the maintenance of crabs, although there are great areas that support a tremendous population of crabs that are not being fished at all. Each year, thousands of these crabs die of old age. This wasted natural resource possibly could be tapped, if the right type of gear was used.

RECENTLY, various other methods have been used including wire traps and draggers. There are certain objections to such methods. But these have caused a considerable number of disputes on the waterfront. The drag nets are of a small mesh, and, consequently, many undersized, as well as female crabs are caught along with the legal seven-inchers. A large percentage of these either are mortally injured or killed before they can be thrown back. As the result, naturally, the State's conservation program suffers. To protect the smaller operator and the crab fishery, therefore, the State recently passed a law limiting the catch on drag boats to 500 lbs.

Chief objection to the wire traps seems to be that, during a storm, the sands may shift on the bottom, cover the trap, usually kill the catch and render it useless by the time it is picked up. Yet, these are disputes of a type that is constantly in progress in all phases of the fishing industry and undoubtedly will be straightened out eventually.

The great problem seems to be that, since the fisheries are being worked to a near capacity with the present types of gear, a means must be developed to give the fishermen added remuneration for their efforts. The solution to this may lie in exploiting the market, so that, when the catch is good, it does not flood the local market and destroy the price. The Crab Fishermen's Protective Association was adequate for this purpose in the past, but the Bay Area has reached a new era of competitive markets, and a change of policy becomes essential.

Crabmeat has been a luxury item, as can be proven by the fluxuation of the catch, according to the times. During the lean years, the production of crab dropped off accordingly, and when the buying public was fat, the catch increased along with the enlarged pocketbooks. The methods of marketing crabs in this area, and the comparatively high prices forced by the Association, created a balance between supply and demand. Unlike a commodity produced on a competitive basis, the price did not fall off when the demand dropped. As a result, there has been very little improvement in the marketing methods of the crab during the history of the industry in San Francisco.

THERE is a great, untouched source of marketing only a short distance from the Bay Region. If these outlying communities were utilized for their tremendous potentialities as consumers, and the crab industry was placed on more of a competitive basis, a good deal of its crippling ills could be alleviated. If there was no flooding of the local market, and the large catches were dispersed into regions that would willingly buy crab if they had the opportunity, then the price would have to remain more stable. The crab fishermen could stand this rejuvenation of their industry; it would be like adrenalin to a bad heart, and the increase in production would give everyone concerned a far better return than has ever been dreamed of in the past.

Landmark
San Francisco's famous "Wharf."

ORGANIZATION

Small Craft on

San Diego Group Sets
Southern California A

(Here is a new fishermen's Association that, apparently, is out to get things done. Moreover, it looks as though the group is very welcome to the overall San Diego Harbor picture. Things, at least, have been very satisfactory for it so far).

By FRANK EVANS
Marine Press Contributing Editor

ALARMED by what was termed the "appalling conditions confronting small boat owners in San Pedro Harbor." and "determined that persons in the same bracket shall enjoy adequate representation in this area," a group of 30 Border City fishermen last month added another faction to the Pacific Coast's already formidable collection of associations by launching a new organization to be called "San Diego Commercial Fishing Boat Owners, Incorporated." Papers of incorporation already have been filed at Sacramento, California. the State Capital, and an application for Charter has been submitted. Current meeting place and offices of the group are located at San Diego's Marlin Inn hotel, in the Point Loma district, however, plans currently are underway to establish offices at the new Pier, adjacent to the same location. Total membership quota has been set at 48, which, when filled, will represent a small craft dollar valuation of around $500,000.

Inception of the organization, according to John N. Kelly, President, was no fly-by-night idea. The plan, in fact, originated in 1943, and is the brainchild of three men, i. e., Kelly, Vardon F. Gregg, Vice President, and Charles L. White, Secretary-Treasurer.

"Our appraisal," explained Kelly, "at that time called for utilization of the old Pier at Point Loma. The idea was talked up to the San Diego Harbor Department by Gregg, myself, and another of our present members, Lloyd Sherman. Then, of course, we had no Association. The group of small boat owners on the Point all knew each other, and the organization, afer a few years, actually formed itself.

"The city of San Diego had given us a lease on Whittick's Pier, which formerly was the Harbor Service Pier. Our new Pier, recently built by the Harbor Department, is located next to the old one. When the boys at Point Loma found out the Harbor Department was planning to build a new one, plans for the Association immediately got underway.

Executives

Charles White (left) considers a point being made by Vardon F. Gregg (extreme right), while President John N. Kelly (center), looks on.

Construction

The new Pier at Point Loma, California.

March

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ion

"The answer to its intended purpose is obvious. Formed and operated properly, our Association, whose members dock at the new Pier, will not only be able to represent itself in a satisfactory manner, politically and industrially speaking, but those non-members who dock there, as well. In other words, the small boat owner of San Diego, regardless of whether he belongs to our roster or not, shall get adequate representation to the City Council whenever it's needed."

ANOTHER purpose of the group, which, incidentally, is a non-profit organization, will be basically to "industrially educate" the small craft owner, Kelly went on, and to "provide an example for similar groups in other towns to work from." San Diego, he added, could be complimented for its attention to the needs of fishermen in his group bracket, and to John Bate, Port Director, should go "some kind of laurel."

"The city of San Diego is extremely lucky to have a man of his ability. From the start he gave us his support, just as he has every other waterfront organization that solicited his aid. We needed it, to put it mildly, when we first got rolling."

San Diego Commercial Fishing Boat Owners, Inc., actually was formed March 23, 1949, in the home of Kelly, at 4468 Santa Monica Avenue, San Diego. Present were Mitchell Yutronics, Lloyd Sherman, William Morrison, and Charles White. For several years the five had studied the methods of kindred organizations, such as the Lower California Fisheries Association, Sword Fish Owners Association, and the powerful American Tunaboat Association of San Diego. White, a stormy French-English-American who had moved his operations to the Border City from the San Pedro area, from where he had fished for several years, blew off the lid that Kelly and Gregg had molded.

Congratulations

John Bate, San Diego, California, Port Director, wishes luck to John N. Kelly, President, San Diego Commercial Boat Owners, Incorporated, at ceremonies dedicating the new pier in the Point Loma district. At extreme left is Hap Holliday of High Seas Packing Company, San Diego, and the remaining gentleman is Guy Selleck, Jr., the Corporation's attorney.

"Conditions up there are intolerable," he told the group. They force you to pay $10 a month, and then guarantee you no set place to tie up. Boats are tied to the wharf with one-quarter-inch rope, and there is no supervision. Boats can be moved and the owners fined without as much as a by-your-leave. Two Los Angeles policemen walk the docks and collect fines and wharfage. Luckily, conditions in San Diego are much different. But we've got to have representation, and maybe if we get started here, it will provide impetus to a like movement up there. They surely can use it. In any event, if they'd had any kind of organization up there, such as the one we propose starting, the situation might have been different today."

WHITE'S point went over, Executive Officers were chosen, a membership fee of $3.00 a year was decided upon, legal counsel was retained, and the ball began rolling. The Board of Directors, all from San Diego, are E. L. Bradley, John Benson, Lloyd Sherman, Arthur Reinoehl, William Morrison, Peter Anderson, E. Sigler, S. M. Prodonovich, Calvin Burns, C. H. White, F. R. Insinger. Members in good standing are H. M. Wagner, Myron Stilson, Mike Cavanee, Thomas Olson, Orville Smith, Harold Robirds, Emil Sigler, Howard Barnard, Ernie Silva, W. L. White, L. E. Brady, M. Yutronics, Jack Banker, J. M. Lytle, James Dick, Frank Jarvis, George D. Brosseau, Nicolo Cordileone. These men also are San Diegans.

High point of the organizational premise was dedication of the new Pier,

(*Continued on Page 37*)

Associated

Members and officers of the new organization known as San Diego Commercial Fishing Boat Owners, Incorporated, at a recent meeting in the Marlin Inn, Point Loma, California.

Fair Winds

By JOHN DE BECK

THE muffled roar of powerful marine diesels, recorded from the powerplant of the tuna clipper *Sun Ray*, is heard over the air every morning except Sunday as sound effects introducing the Fairbanks Morse program, "San Diego Fishing Fleet News." Written and directed by Durand Kiefer, who, incidentally, is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, the five minute program features marine weather forecasts from the weather bureau at San Diego's Lindberg Field. KCBQ, San Diego CBS affiliate, broadcasts the informative air show at 6:40 a. m. to fishermen and their families, as well as other interested folks outside the industry. New arrivals as well as departures are given time and interesting incidents in the lives of the fleet fishermen.

Some of the news sources tapped for the program material reveal odd and interesting bits of information, like when the *Sea Hound* reported rescuing a Coast Guard Medical plane when it was forced down in Magdalena Bay, with a loose rudder tab. The engineers aboard the *Hound* supplied tools and equipment for the repair of the PBY rudder and in less than three hours the plane was in San Diego with its patient from the *Invader*. Quite a turn of the tables!

THE Coast Guard, principal source of anecdotes, and stories of mishaps for the program, has a brilliant record for beating the time of many illnesses, however, there are times when even their efficiency doesn't help. Marin Batina, crewman from San Pedro lost out in a race when he died of pneumonia a few hours before the arrival of the Coast Guard patrol plane. The *Galant*, a vessel from which he was taken, was located at Maria Madres Islands, familiar to many San Diego fishermen. On the same flight, however, a crewman from the *Sun Beam* was rescued and brought to a San Diego hospital. On that flight alone the Coast Guard logged over 16 hours flying time.

BUD SEWALL, weekday narrator for the program, employs a newsy brief style designed by Kiefer to create listener habits as the various departments of the program come at the same place each broadcast. Now and then, when the situation warrants the change, Kiefer weaves in a short interview with an industry notable on some newsworthy topic. When the *Sun Ray* was strafed by a Central American nation's airplane the program carried an interview with a crew member of the strafed vessel. Of importance to the listening audience is the fact that although the program follows a familiar format each time, the material is fresh and new, since it is prepared late each evening before broadcast. Like any news program, their are many contacts to make for news items, and with no wire services to channel the news, the problem becomes greater. A list of people contacted before each program, would certainly fill a good portion of a newspaper page.

KIEFER hustles every afternoon, making calls, checking information, and sifting out the important information for the next broadcast. One of his pet peeves is that he has trouble getting news in advance on arrivals, since many boats don't notify the customs boarding dock here ahead of time. If this were done Kiefer would be sure to cover all arrivals and the news would get to the family and friends. KCBQ, as a special feature has a 12:30 a. m. newscast which, says Kiefer, "is a great advantage to the fishing fleet since they can't always listen in the daytime."

AS Continuity Director for KCBQ, Kiefer handles many programs, yet says "Fishing fleet news is my baby, since I am an old salt at heart anyway." He has ten years in the navy behind him, and an unlimited masters license. After the war he spent a year in the Merchant Marine as Chief Mate for the U. S. lines and the Grace lines aboard a couple of their large ocean steamers. Kiefer's wartime duties were in the 11th Naval District.

3000 Miles In a Jig Boat

(Continued from page 13)

and the not-so-small and not-so-big boats. After having been at Mag for a couple of days we took a check on our fuel, and found that we'd have to get some more somewhere if we were to get any fish at all. Word was passed on to us that there were a couple of Canadian naval vessels up by the village and that we might be able to get some fuel from one of them. So Sunday morning we chased up to the boats and, picking the Canadian destroyer, H.M.S. *Atabaskan*, we pulled up alongside and queried as to the possibility of getting a few gallons of fuel. They said yes, but after they had had their church services. About an hour later they signaled us in, and we pulled alongside and made fast. It's been one long time since I've met people so courteous, helpful, and friendly as those men on that ship. They were indeed a hospitable group. They took such an interest in our manner of fishing that we took several officers out fishing with us that afternoon, and I wish we could have taken more and given them some real fishing. While we were getting our fuel, the cook came out with a pan full of nice roast pork, dressing, peas, potatoes, and ice cream. That was a welcome relief, and a departure from our diet, which consisted mainly of canned goods garnished with more canned goods. The only real good food that I missed was sauerkraut and weiners or ham. That's my favorite dish.

THE next Thursday we took some of the fellows out again, and they expressed their amazement that we'd venture out so far in such a small boat. We had a few bottom fish aboard and we gave them enough groupa and cabrillo to make up a couple fish meals for the entire ship's crew. While Curt and I were taking the Canadian boys out on fishing excursions, Jimmy, on the *Essie M.*, had been talking to the boat *Lady*, and had hatched the idea of going up into the lagoon at the north end of Mag Bay to take another shot at getting some groupa.

After we had tried messing around Mag making bait with the *Lady*, and getting little or none, and looking for yellowtail with the same results, we decided that we would take a crack at the lagoon; as long as we were out prospecting and exploring we might as well see what the lagoon had to offer. Shorty, on the *Lady*, knew of a channel to get in, so we headed up there from Belcher's and met him as he came across from the bait grounds. What was to follow I

don't think will be tried by very many boats again. After we had gotten into the lagoon and had lightly scraped bottom several times, we picked greater depth as we went farther on. We chased around the sand spits for a little while until we hit the right track, and headed over westward to pick up the main channel that leads on up to Boca de Soledad.

A little later that afternoon we started to look for a good anchorage, where the tide wouldn't raise Cain. All three boats were strung out in a line and then started to spread out. Where we went there was lots of bottom and by this time I had become accustomed to the feel of bounding off it. The *Lady* and the *Essie M.* swung around an islet and picked a choice looking spot for an anchorage. It was quiet and still, almost as if the boat was sitting on a cradle up on the ways. After much yanking and making up groupa jigs, and getting some lead lines over the side, we sat down and compared notes as to what we had accomplished so far, which, as far as profit goes, was nothing. Late that night Shorty pulled in one of his lines and, at first, we thought that he had a big groupa on it. But when he hauled it in it was a stingaree that had a horn on it that was about 36 inches long. The next morning we got up early, and it was lucky that we did, because, just after we had breakfast, the tide started changing and started banking the boats around.

The *Essie M.* was tied up to the *Lady's* starboard side, and the *Judy F.* was tied up on the port side, and just as they were aligned together our two boats kept banging up against the side of the *Lady*. We really sweat for a few minutes, in getting the boats broke loose and separated. That day was loaded with incidents; you couldn't even count the times that we slid over the bottom. Every once in awhile the wake of the boat would get clouded up with the mud we would kick up. One thing certain was that, if anything was on the keel, it certainly didn't last long sliding through that sand. Jimmy had the lead, Shorty was second and we, somewhat belatedly, brought up the rear. It was a sensation to watch the other two boats humping over the high spots, and then sit and wait for the hump yourself. After we'd been looking into each and every little opening, we finally noticed that, where San Lazaro had been on our stern, she now was off our port bow; then abeam, and then over to our starboard bow. For a while there, I thought we were going around in circles; later I was sure we were.

BEFORE long, Jimmy found the channel, and we headed on up. We'd

(*Continued on Page 24*)

Milady

By DOROTHY HARVEY

IF people exhibited as much versatility in seeking food as they do entertainment, dishes sought only by gourmets in exclusive restaurants would be eaten with gusto from Spokane to Kokomo. Snails from Morocco, abalone steaks from South Africa, small octupi from Portugal and squid and conch from our own waters would be taken in stride. Instead of four or five varieties which make the seafood menu in the majority of homes, people would consider thirty or more types of fish and shellfish as ordinary fare. Whitefish, a real delicacy, would be as popular a thousand miles from the Great Lakes as it is in Chicago. New York City's cosmopolitan population which enjoys twenty-eight pounds of seafood per capita each year would have to share its tremendous variety of 125 different fin and shell fish.

PARTICULARLY during the Lenten period, some versatility displayed by the housewife would be welcomed by her family. Gray sole, salmon, tuna, fluke, sea bass, tilefish, clams, oysters, lobsters, pike, mullet, carp, smelts, shad, pollock, porgy, all offer wonderful food and flavor value. And cooking them would be no problem at all, if the housewife possessed a copy of "Fish 'n' Tips," its free recipe booklet. A postal card addressed to Fishery Council, 204 Water St., New York 7, N. Y., will bring a copy of this free booklet by return mail, and, speaking of the Fisheries Council, reminds me of a note I recently received from Ed Irwin of that organization. It concerns a radio program called the Herb Sheldon WJZ Show. Sheldon, at 12:30 p. m. Friday, calls up a Brooklyn fish retailer, asks prices, condition and variety of fish for sale, gets his answers and repeats them to his audience. Several weeks ago a retailer named Ned Quartararo told Sheldon that his best buys were porgy at 19 cents a pound and striped bass at 34 cents a pound. He also advised Sheldon's audience on how to tell fresh fish, to buy fish in season, spoke about the freshwater market —suggesting carp as the best buy— and gave other hints on when and how to buy fish. The program was arranged by FC, and, after a month's stint by Quartararo, another "Retailer of the Month" will be chosen. Sounds like a good idea; its a wonder someone around Southern California doesn't get the idea. Certainly it would be a compliment to the average housewife.

A LOBSTER diner, to impress his friends, can say authoritatively, "Do you know the largest lobster ever caught weighed 34 pounds?" This remark, of course, would cause old trawler captains to snort. Operating their vessels off the middle and south Atlantic costs in the winter months, they report catches of giant lobsters weighing in excess of fifty pounds. These barnacled, economy-sized crustaceans are patriarchs who have sought the southern waters to warm their old shells. Heavy supplies of gray sole on the seafood counters are a boon to shoppers who can now get real sole at flounder prices. Its white, exceptionally juicy and tender flesh are the characteristics which make the sole stand out in the flounder family.

THERE is a tendency to call all flat fish 'flounder' and let it go at that. But the soles to which we are heir are different than the flounder, both in coloring and flavor. The white side of the lemon sole, largest of the two, has a very distinct yellow blush. While the gray sole has an unmistakable purple-gray tone to its light side. The housewife need concern herself only with the fact that here is a fancy fish selling at unusually low levels. And something special in the way of preparation is in order to do justice to the famous sole. Here's one:

Fillets of Sole Florentine

Fry fillets of gray sole in butter or margarine. Season with salt and pepper, and a squeeze of lemon. Line a baking dish with leaf spinach boiled, drained and tossed in butter or margarine. Place the fillets of gray sole on it, cover with a white or Mornay sauce and brown in the oven. Serve immediately when done. (One pound of gray sole fillets prepared in this manner will make three servings.)

Official
Mayor Dick Drake of Newport Beach, California.

NEWPORT HARBOR

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By JOHN SPRINGER and SEYMOUR FRANCIS

NEWPORT'S birth as a harbor actually came about as the result of a tragedy. Ships had always experienced more than a little difficulty in entering the Bay, although, despite the limited facilities, a surprisingly substantial amount of freight passed in and out of the harbor in the '80's. Plans for improvement were crystallized, however, with the death of one Tom Rule, a pilot and friend of the McFaddens. Rule and his helper, a man named Ortega, were marking the channel for a ship's arrival the following day, and the former drowned when their skiff overturned. The McFaddens, long concerned with the situation, immediately started the ball rolling for a new pier, let a contract for the project to a Major Marner in 1887, and, the next year, the structure was completed.

With advent of the Pier, of course, the bulk of Newport's shipping activity was transferred from the Bay to the Pier, and business houses began moving their diggings toward the ocean front. Significance of this move, moreover, was felt in more ways than one. For one thing, shipping increased. Seventy-two craft, as a matter of fact, unloaded cargoes in 1888. For another, the town officially assumed its name, Newport. Industry of one nature or another, which virtually had been unknown to the Pensinsula prior to 1885, appeared in the three years following construction of the Pier, and one of the new buildings became Newport's first resaurant. Basically, it was a boarding house, but a Mrs. Sharps, who had operated a hotel at San Juan Point, made little issue of the demarkation involving boarding emporiums and cafes, and the old records have it that, after the pattern of the day, she served some pretty hefty meals.

With the renewed industrial activity occasioned by construction of the Pier, came agitation for a railroad. The McFaddens, as usual, launched the movement, and roadbed grading began in 1887, although, for a reason that yet remains to be answered, work suddenly stopped and was not resumed until 1891. The first stretch of rail line was laid between Newport and Costa Mesa, where supplies were transported to the rail head by four, sixteen-foot flatcars, which had been sent from San Diego. These cars, with their loads of ties and rails, were hauled to the rail head by horses, and, on January 12, 1892, the first train rattled over the railroad. It was called the Santa Ana and Newport Railroad, and it launched the beginning of the present-day high-octane area known to vacationers all over the West Coast as Newport-Balboa, a spot without parallel for water sportsmen and women.

BY the turn of the century, in fact, much of the land was being bought up by wealthy people who, tired of the hustle and bustle of Big City business, had seen it as an ideal spot for a summer home. The real estate firm behind this early promotion was a man named W. S. Collins, who had purchased much of the McFadden land by 1903. H. E. Huntington of Los Angeles bought into the Collins holdings in 1904; became owner of the land between 9th and 19th streets on the Peninsula, and, a little later, the Orange County Improvement Association got underway. This group was instrumental in pursuading a number of Long Beach citizens to look over the prospects in 1907, and were immediately successful, i. e., the first of Newport's big real estate booms got started. Options on small tracts of land were sold and resold daily. The bubble finally burst, with the Redondo boom. However, the forty-eight real estate agents who were operating at the height of the boom had set the stage, and, in 1908, the area once more got rolling, and still is doing so. This period, of course, saw the A. P. Halfhill exploitation of canned albacore, and commercial fishermen and canners became interested. The era also can be credited with starting the first of the real estaters-commercial fishing controversies, although in the Newport-Balboa area sports and commercial fishing has become somewhat interlaced. As an example, there probably is no other fishing port in the world with so many boats that can be used for both sports and commercial fishing. The canners argue, when the real estaters yell for more million dollar homes and less industry, that the commercial fishing industry virtually keeps Newport's hefty tourist trade alive. This, they claim, is done by providing employment for the city's inhabitants during the winter season, when the tourist trade is at a standstill. A good example of this sort of reasoning was indicated in a speech

given by Walter Longmoor of Western Canners Company to the Associated Chambers of Commerce in May, 1946. It was entitled *The Tourist Industry in Orange County*, and it speaks for itself:

"We usually regard the 'Tourist' or, to use a more practical term, the 'Traveler' as an intangible. We may or may not realize that a tourist is in our midst or is our guest for a day, week, month or several months. We indulge in a lot of conversation, oral and written, about the tourist—where he came from, what he does, what interests him and what of his impressions—but little do we comprehend of his impact on the county.

"My subject is designated as 'The Tourist Industry.' The term 'industry' always suggest active production of merchandise which is comprehended in units of volume and values in terms of dollars. On that premise, permit me to present some facts about the 'Tourist' as an 'Industry' in terms of volume and dollars. Very little factual data is available about the 'Tourist' in the area of Orange County. Therefore, let's look at some data about the tourist as revealed by the "All Year Club":

The Tourist Industry

"1. Ranks as one of the largest industries in the United States.

"2. It is as large as automobile production, petroleum, and lumber industries combined.

"3. It is half again larger than iron and steel production in a normal year.

"4. More than 5 million Americans now derive their support from this industrial giant. (Tourist industry).

"5. Capital investment approximately 30 billion dollars. Is one of the largest industrial investments in the nation.

Look at the figures for Southern California in a sample year prior to the war: The tourist travel to Southern California was estimated at 1,741,603 persons. They spent approximately $216,713,817.00. No doubt Orange County was exposed to some portion of those people and the money.

"This being a 'Coast Affairs' meeting, permit me to examine an activity along the Orange County Coast about which some facts are available. It is "Fishing and Sport Fishing" on the ocean adjacent to Orange County. A large number of fishing boats are engaged in the industry of transporting tourists seaward on sportfishing expeditions during the spring and summer fishing season. These boats operate from Newport Harbor, Seal Beach pier, Huntington Beach pier, Newport Beach pier and San Clemente pier. The facts about these operations are as follows:

Heaven-On-Earth

A typical Newport Harbor scene.

Base	No. Boats	No. Fishermen Accommodated	Estimated Revenue Rec'd
Newport Harbor	47 Charter	28,200	$210,000.00
Newport Harbor	35 Trolling	17,500	175,000.00
Newport Harbor	14 Day Boats	125,000	500,000.00
Seal Beach Pier	2 Day Boats	11,250	45,000.00
Huntington Beach Pier	2 Day Boats	10,000	40,000.00
San Clemente Pier	2 Day Boats	9,000	36,000.00
Barges	3	30,000	60,000.00
	105	230,950	$1,066,000.00

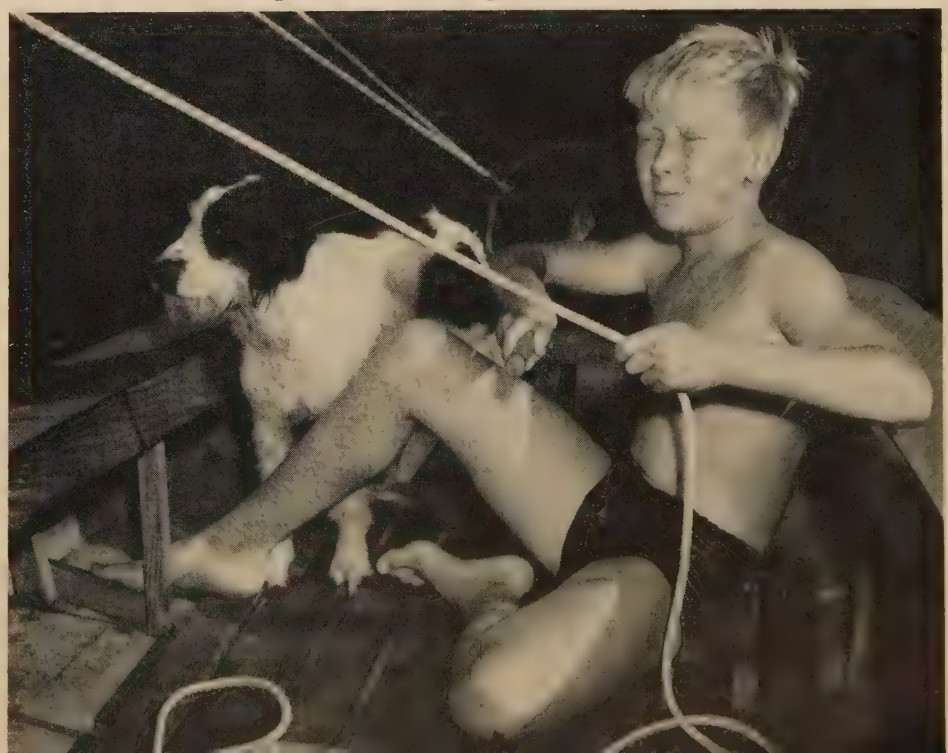
In addition to the 105 operating boats, it requires at least 6 Bait boats to supply the fleet with live bait daily. An estimated sound value of these boats is approximately $600,000.00. This value does not include landings, piers, or other shore installations engaged in this sportfishing industry. It is estimated that 85 per cent of the 230,950 sport fishermen accommodated came from outside Orange County. The above statistics do not include the fishermen who fish from the five ocean piers along the Orange County coast.

"The normal fishing season in this area is from April through September.

The use of Mr. Ripley's slogan "Believe it or not" the operation of these boats is a science and technique all of its own and the successful operators are highly skilled. In view of the fact that this season prevails approximately 6 months, it is essential to provide other activities to retail these men and boats in the industry during the winter season. It so happens that mackerel fish canning operations, to a limited extent, are

Pals

Young sailor and his dog get ready for action.



located in Newport Harbor. These operations begin in September and end in March and thereby provide year-around occupation for the boats and crews.

"Incidentally, this canning program handles 8,000 tons of mackerel, producing 165,000 cases for a value of $800,000.00 for the finished product yearly. This combined and co-ordinated industry brings approximately $2,000,000.00 into Orange County each year.

"By having a year-around operations available in this area, it enables the local boat owners to provide new, modern and efficient boats and equipment for the tourist fishermen. A survey in April of the Newport Harbor area revealed that approximately 130 new fishing boats were under construction. These new boats will have many of the new features of hull design, engines and navigation instruments developed during the war. Therefore, you may expect a fleet of boats with the most modern design and equipment available, to handle the tourists coming into Orange County to pursue their favorite recreation—ocean sportfishing.

"Another important phase of the tourist industry is that approximately 3,000 pleasure boats, with an assessed valuation of $5,000,000.00—sailing and power cruisers—make Newport Harbor their home port. At a most conservative estimate of an average of $100.00 per boat for moorings and repairs, the revenue would amount to $300,000.00 annually. This is exclusive of any living expenses while in the area. A big increase in this number is assured as the local shipyards and local distributors of eastern boats have a large backlog of orders on hand. A reasonable estimate would indicate that from 15,000 to 20,000 people enjoy the recreation of sailing and cruising on the adjacent waters during a goodly portion of the year.

"You perhaps have not realized the magnitude of still another phase of the tourist industry—the Trailer Parks. As a spot check let's look at the municipal Trailer Park at Huntington Beach. The Park now has a capacity for 250 trailers and 235 tents, or a total of 485 spaces, with an average capacity of 1940 persons. Last season during the 3 month summer period, 2400 different trailers and 1440 different tents occupied spaces in the Park and accommodated 15,360 people. A check shows that a total of 46,080 people came to visit friends or relatives in the Park, making a total of 59,440 people using the Park facilities during a 3 month period. At the rate of 50c per day per trailer or tent, a gross revenue amounted to $16,000.00.

"A check of the origin of the Park tenants reveals an interesting angle.

3% come from Huntington Beach.

2% come from out of state.

16% come from Los Angeles City.

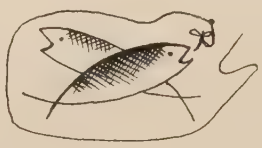
36% come from Los Angeles County.

21% come from Orange County.

22% come from So. California counties other than Orange and Los Angeles.

"Above figures indicate that 98% of these tourists come from Southern California and 52% from the Los Angeles metropolitan area. The fact that all but 2% come from areas adjacent to Orange County indicates a healthy condition in our local tourist industry, for the reason that they are more apt to return year after year than those who travel long distances, thereby becoming steady customers.

"If you desire to make a count of the Trailer Parks throughout the County, you may gain a pretty good idea of the volume of this classification in the tourist industry.



"Permit us to survey the number of tourists who daily, weekly or monthly come to the Orange County shoreline to enjoy the 40 miles of ocean beach bathing and recreation. Data developed in the report of the Master Plan of Shoreline Development estimates that approximately 2,000,000 people visit the Orange County beaches for recreation purposes each year. The sources of this classification of visitors has been estimated as follows:

6% come from out of state.

35% come from Orange County.

59% come from other counties of the state.

"This indicates that 1,300,000 of these people come from outside Orange County, and if they only spent an average of 25 cents each they would leave in the county $325,000.00 annually. A successful campaign has been completed to transfer into control of the State Park Commission a large beach area adjacent to Huntington Beach and the Corona Del Mar beach for operation as public bathing beaches. Huntington Beach, Balboa and Laguna Beach already are nationally known play areas, and with the addition of the State Park areas, a miniature Atlantic City is in the making.

"The war has changed many things, perhaps permanently, even to the desires and ambitions of the people. During the war period, those who didn't go to war were restricted in their travels. Those who did go to war traveled over the entire nation and even the world. Those who stayed home have a lot of travel catching up to do; the Veterans got a taste of travel and want more; hence, America is going to be on the move for some time to come.

To ssummarize the Tourist picture:

1. Fishing	230,950 people spend	$1,066,000
2. Yachting	20,000 people spend	300,000
3. One Trailer Park	59,440 people spend	16,000
4. Beaches	2,000,000 people spend	500,000
	2,310,390	$1,882,000

"These figures are a total of the spot checks enumerated above. If a county-wide check were possible, these figures would be materially increased. The amount spent — $1,882,000.00, covers only their expenditure for recreation and does not include any traveling and living expenses such as food, clothing, or other supplies.

"In terms of dollars and cents, what can Orange County expect from this revitalized tourist industry? The answer is an obvious question — "How much tourist industry can you handle?

"If you like comparisons, look at this angle: If all of the 1,740,000 tourists the All-Year Club counted as coming into Southern California, made their destination Los Angeles County, they would equal about 55% of that county's permanent population. In our case, the tourists coming into Orange County would equal 10 to 12 times the permanent population of Orange County, on the basis of this spot check.

"It is not the purpose of this brief survey, its analysis and comments to endeavor to urge or convince you or any organization that we should concentrate our efforts on the tourist industry and make it our sole objective. I would prefer to regard the tourist industry as only one of several major industries in the County. I would and I think you would prefer to have as our sole objective "balance" among and between several different types of industries. Orange County is one of the few counteis in this state or any other state that has agriculture as its major industry, with approximately $100,000,000.00 yearly production, and at the same time provides facilities for high class residential areas, tourists, various forms of recreation, and manufacturing plants for a wide variety of products. This is what is meant by "balance" and you are urged to keep it that way."

BUSINESS people, who operate on a year-around basis seem to agree with Longmoor's suggestions. Miss Adele Van Fleet, restaurateur and fish marketeer, is one. "All of this la-de-da stuff about mansions and expensive real estate developments may be all right for some of those who have the money to wait until it comes through," she says. "But there are those, such as myself, to whom the canneries mean the difference between bread and butter and rank poverty. The canners are providing the life's blood for this community. They take up the slack when there is plenty of slack, and their plants are clean, quietly operated, and an offense to no one." And Jesse Dickinson, a taxi driver:

"This area," he says bluntly, "has got to have its commercial fishing, fishermen, and canneries to live."

On the other hand, it is obviously reasonable that too much heavy industry could work a hardship on the Newport area's potentialities as a great resort center. The area is internationally known for its sports fishing. Warm currents hit this portion of California's coast first, and, consequently, migrating fish inhabit the coastline from a month to six weeks earlier than in other parts of Southern California. The waters, during the season, fairly jump with Barracuda, White Sea Bass, Halibut, Yellowtail, Bonito, Skipjack, Dolphin, Tuna, Albacore, Marlin and Broadbill swordfish. Sports fishing outfits such as Port Orange Fishing Hole and Norm's Landing do a great business with their palace-like, chrome and mahogany vessels, and many vacationers become so enthralled by the atmosphere, which also includes yachting, motor tours over incredibly beautiful scenery, hiking, horseback riding, swimming and historical investigations that they stay and add to Newport's cluster of $25,000 to $50,000 homes.

There were 5,985 houses in the city of Newport Beach in May, 1948, when a special census was taken, and the figure is climbing daily. Permits during 1948, as an example, totaled 504 for building of single residences; 71 for double houses, and 23 for more than double, or a grand total of 770. The number of residence units in the city now is about 6,750, with the population, for the entire area, set at 10,994. This census, taken in May, 1948 also, includes Corona Del Mar, Shore Cliffs, Balboa Island, Beacon Bay, Harbor Island, Lido Isle (home of the well-known Lido Peninsula Shipbuilding Company; Newport Heights, Harbor Heights, Newport, Santa Ana River, East Newport, Balboa, Bay Shores, Bay Shore Camp, and those who live the

(Continued on next page)

Waterfront Observer

ONE of the truly great living authorities on the Territory of Alaska tells me that those Northern lads are coming up next month with a deal that should cut the retail price of fish on the West Coast nearly in half. They really are planning to move in, gents, and, the way it looks from here, it represents something that might be termed a chip off the old ice block. Colonel Phil Bailey, whose degrees garnered from the Halls of Learning probably would stretch from Panama to Nome, came back from up there with this report, and he should know what's going on. That is, he *should*, mind you.

IT seems that last Fall, when rumors covered the West of an impending fishermen's strike, sitdown, shutout or epidemic of somnolence among tuna clippermen, (which later, as a matter of fact, developed), a couple of future-minded gentlemen in Alaska decided to take advantage of the unrest, and go into business. Just before the big freeze of '48, the Colonel tells me, they spread a net across the upper Yukon River, about the time that fish, in their instinctive desire to escape the withering cold, began a rush to the open sea. Naturally, the river soon was virtually choked with them, and, when the water froze, thousands of tons of fish were trapped and frozen in a solid block of ice. Now, the Colonel says, crews of ice cutters have been laboring all winter in cutting the ice-encased fish into 25 pound blocks. Each block is guaranteed to contain at least 10 pounds of fresh, frozen fish. Before long, of course, these blocks are expected to appear on the markets of California deep freezers. They will sell for $1.78 each, which makes the cost of fish pretty cheap. Besides, if you're not hungry, you might like to buy one out of curiosity; or, to prove to yourself that there is more than one way to make fishing pay off. Incidentally, I don't vouch for the authenticity of this story. I only repeated what I heard. And that brings me to another controversy which seems to occupy the limelight in Southern California fishing circles at present. It concerns the question as to whether or not the airplane is of benefit to the big tuna or sardine craft. My salty old friend, whom I solicited an opinion on the subject of radio-telephones a while back, was willing to give me his version. He thinks they aren't here to stay.

"Personally," he says, "I think any ship that has to have a plane to fish is a sissy. It isn't right. It's a direct violation of laws of nature, supply and demand, and what have you. Besides, they ain't workable. Anybody who tells me that he can spot from one of those things a sardine swimming along beside his mother while the airplane is traveling 100 miles an hour, 50 feet from the water, and then radio the fish's location to a ship, is stretching the case. Some of them will go just about that far, too. You don't find any old time fishermen like me playing tuna for suckers. A good fisherman doesn't need inventions like airplanes to be able to fish. The oldtimer considers himself mentally superior to fish and is willing to play hide-and-seek with them. Next thing you know some damfool is going to suggest using submarines or radio waves to catch fish!"

NEEDLESS to state, there were a number of fishermen contacted who didn't agree with "Salty." It looks, moreover, as though the airplane is occupying, day by day, an increasingly important part in the daily grind of the commercial fishing industry. Most of the big clippers are carrying planes, such as the *White Star*, and *Chicken of the Sea*. It is reported, in fact, that San Diego's very successful Joe Medina is out to a buy a *Luscombe*. The *Paramount* has a *Luscombe*, and the *Scarlet Queen*, which currently is in the capable hands of Skipper Charlie Kaufmann, has aboard a *Cessna*. The Soares brothers, George and Joe, probably set the pace with their *Luscombe*. This plane, of course, was not aboard when their ship, the *Liberator*, was lost off Costa Rican Coast, but, before the ship went it had proved its worth. That plane, it is pretty certain, contributed much to one record load the Soares gentlemen brought in, e. g., 185 tons of tuna, for a total of $60,000.

year around on boats. The area provides yacht anchorages and Marinas to accommodate 2,800 vessels, and, with completion of the $2,000,000 Federal Improvement program, which was started in 1935, there will be slips to care for about 150 more.

ONE of the Newport-Balboa area's chief sources of pride and joy is the Orange Coast College, which is headed by Dr. Basil H. Peterson, with Dr. Bill J. Priest as Coordinator of Vocational Education. The institution, while small, has become prominent among Southern Californias various houses of learning for its steady drive to provide the type of education necessary for a man to make a living, when graduated, in his home town. Occupational competency is the keynote; a regimen designed to qualify young men and women in two years or less to enter the business life of Newport, and the surrounding area. As an illustration, the College's two most popular courses involve advanced training in marine engine work, and, of course, the Building Trades curriculum, which includes work in the basic skills of boatbuilding. Today, there are few young working men in Newport, as a matter of fact, who can't comply with most of the rules and regulations in putting a boat together, or, for that matter, meet most of the demands solicited by any good skipper. Most of them have been on the water for the bulk of their lives, in one capacity or another, and the city sees that that interest is kept alive. One of these methods concerns an event called "Flight of the Snowbirds." Extravaganzas such as this has its staunch supporters in men such as Assemblyman Earl W. Stanley of the 74th District, California Legislature; Mayor Dick Drake of Newport; Hay Langenheim and Fred M. Sorenson, Secretary and President, Newport Chamber of Commerce respectively; Walter Longmoor, M. Gregory Gorby, Newport Canning Company, and other astute businessmen too numerous for mention. The spectacle is a race for young sailors held annually on the first Sunday in August. All the boats must be exactly alike in size and form; skippers are from six to 16 years old, and, competition is so keen that, last year, 148 youngsters crossed their boats over the tape. A medal is the prize, and is a coveted award. The event, moreover, has become so popular that it has been given national attention, since its inception in 1936. Another hot bed of interest to the average Newport Beach resident is the United States Power Squadron, which numbers Newport Beach among its branches. The organization was set up in 1912 by a group of Boston Yacht Club members, and was organized in February, 1914. Newport Beach members have made some notable contributions to the program, which specifically is to acquaint interested persons with the latest and most complete know-how in the handling of all manner of small craft. The club's national membership amounts to around 13,000; Newport represents one of its largest branch memberships. Another of the area's annual events, which draws, incidentally, a record turnout, is the Newport Harbor to Ensenada, Mexico International Yacht Race. Some of the most prominent yachtsmen in the world have entered this project, and 1949 is expected to draw a record entrance. Some of these craft, of course, have been turned out by a local shipbuilding firm, the Lido Peninsula Shipbuilding Company, which has something of color in its record, to say the least.

ESTABLISHED by John Curci and Lou Turner prior to the war, the yard has turned out very nearly every type of craft known. Their vessels, in point of fact, range from English boats to U. S. Subchasers, and from floating

palaces like Max Fleischmann's *Haida* to rowboats. The yard sports, in addition, one of the finest trailer camps in Southern California, with 400 choice lots, with the entire yard encompassing 23 acres. This yard also takes up plenty of "slack" in employment during Newport's off-tourist season; many of Orange College's graduates have got their start there.

What the future will develop for the Newport area, of course, still is in the crystal ball stage. The real estate agitation is sure to mount. But, on the other hand, it is up against stiff competition, if, as the reports indicate, heavy industry is to be kept at a minimum. Perhaps the answer lies in an observation recently made by M. Gregory Gorby, President, Newport Canning Company. Gorby, a bull-shouldered, ex-collegiate champion wrestler, has, so far, turned into gold every canning enterprise in which he was interested, and he means to stay in business.

"We get along better than one would imagine," he says. "It's a case of give and take. That's Democracy. It'll come out all right."

3000 Miles In a Jig Boat

(*Continued from Page 19*)

cleared Point Eadie and Delgada and were now really headed into territory that no boats we'd ever heard of had been. Just as we were headed for Devil's Bend, the *Lady* ran high and dry and, after Shorty had back off, he told us that he forgot to bring his "wheels" along, and was going back down into Mag Bay. We ran on a little further and got stuck a few more times, and then decided to run back a little ways, and drop the hook for the night. During that day we went through several places that, if we'd had another 10 feet on our jig poles, we would have scraped the brush on the beach. All we actually needed to make it look like the Florida everglades was to have a few alligators slide out from underneath the brush.

All through that day we were running through waters of anywhere from a fathom and-a-half to seven fathom. There were some exceptions of depth that ran a sixth of a fathom to a half; I very nearly could have gone over the side and dug us a canal. Now that we've gone through there I think that maybe there might be a modified channel dug there. There was one time there that I noticed some Mexicans standing on the beach watching us, as if to say "what in the name of the Saints are they doing up in here?"

The one thing that we did find for certain, was that there are groupa up these, and that a boat with a shallow draft could go up and load up on groupa when they hit there, during the month of May. My next trip, I hope, will be down through the Central Pacific Islands around the Societies and the Tuamotu Islands. If past history is any indication of what is to come, I'd like to be out as far as I can, and fish in comparatively virgin fishing grounds.

What I had seen down there from a prior pleasure trip, there must be some way to haul in those fish. There's no question that there is a tremendous amount of tuna and tuna-like fish down there. That night that we anchored back of Devil's Bend, even though we had gone to elaborate lengths to make our anchor line taut, when the tides changed and that heavy current started running, it swung us around and snapped off Jimmy's starboard jig pole on our cabin. For a splice on the pole we dug down into the hold and got a binboard, and split it, and spliced it almost as good as new. The next morning catching the tide at the right time, we headed on up the channel and, after having

(*Continued on next page*)

gone up about three or four miles further, we spotted a whale, then another, and another, and another, till we could see what seemed to be a school of them ahead of us.

From this point on up to the lagoon opening at Boca de Soledad we saw bait like we'd never seen before. Over by the beach you could see them flipping all over the surface of the water. The off part about this was that, during the time we were going up the channel and past this bait, the boats over in Mag Bay were having a hard time in getting their bait. Who knows but we had found some new bait grounds? When we started to head on out of the channel to sea, we were wondering if we could clear the bar there at the mouth of the lagoon. Looking ahead into the breakers we could see them breaking on the port and starboard sides, and right down the middle with no surf breaking, and the channel out of there was as visible as if two jettys had been erected on either side of the channel.

Looking in the Coast Pilot, and on the chart, I found that, from the time we had entered the lagoon, we had gone about sixty five miles north of Mag itself! That's one long distance to travel, always being on the lookout for the shoal water, and barely managing to get up and over some of those bars that are there. Having gone through once and memorizing the way, a return trip would be a snap. From Soledad back down to Mag Bay we didn't get fish. That dry run definitely ended our pioneering, and, when we got back into Mag, we settled down to the idea of loading up on yellowtail and getting back to San Diego as soon as possible.

I was talking with Earl Williams of San Diego, several days after we had returned, and unloaded, and we discussed the idea of going back out again. But Earl's bad back forces him to sell the *Grace L.* and quit fishing. Whoever gets it will get a good sea boat and the pay loads rest entirely on the man that's fishing her.

I hope that they have as good as luck as we did and work her as hard. Our running mate, the *Essie M.* has established a reputation for herself in San Diego, as the top boat for her size. The two Heacocks, Jr. and Sr., can well be proud of their design and fishing ability; the proof of their abilities lies over at Van Camp's office. She's the high boat here for Van Camp. Jim Sr. told me once that, you'll never know if something new will work or not, unless given the fairest trial possible.

Several times there at Mag Bay I

(*Continued on next page*)

Terminal Tidings

By MERLE B. PARKE

A STEADY flow of tuna has been unloaded across the Fish Harbor docks these past three weeks from both clippers and seiners, with the seiners leading the way, and chalking up some nice tonnage on the canneries' books. Coming home with full loads were the *Southern Queen, Pan Pacific, J. D. Martinolich, American Boy, Golden West, Treasure Island, Pioneer, Ronnie M* and *Anthony M.* Others unloading near capacity loads were the *Vagabond, Waldero, St. Christina 2, Vashon* and *Vindicator,* and many more. There were, at times, as many as six to eight boats unloading at one time to the canneries in fish harbor, with Van Camp's and French Sardine receiving the lion's share of the tonnage. Bait boats were greatly outnumbered by seiners but the *Hornet, Western Pacific, Talisman, Monarch* and *Calistar* helped swell the total tonnage. As April drew to a close, and with a dozen more boats on the way home with pay loads, it was a great month for the tuna industry. There are a number of boats on their third trip for the year, and a great many on their second trip. It looks like the canneries will keep the steam engineers busy, as the boats get moving in somewhat of a cycle, with boats coming, boats going, and we hope boats *unloading.*

OF interest to fisherman around San Diego is the sale of some of our local seiners and smaller boats to various interests in Mexico. The boats are to be used as shrimp drag boats and also for Hammerhead shark fishing. Between these two types of fishing, a boat is pretty busy the full twelve months of a year. Shrimp fishing in the Gulf has turned out to be a million-dollar industry, as the past season testifies. Shark fishing in the Gulf is strictly for Hammerhead and not for Soupfin. Some Hammerheads have tested out almost double the vitamin potency of the average female soupfin. A good example of the money making to be derived from this fishing is the trail of progress the Boleo Co. of Guyamas has blazed. Starting in 1945, with an old hull and a borrowed fifty Atlas diesel with a combined value of maybe two thousand dollars, the company now has a fleet of large diesel draggers to which they have just added the seiner *Ohio 3.* The combined value of their fleet, including the *Ohio,* at present is well above the $200,000 mark. Their flagship is a ninety-footer with a 450 H.P. Enterprise engine called *Cachania.* Theirs is not the only story of success in Mexico, however. Such companies as Mar Merjo of Santa Rosalia, Pesquera Del Pacifico of Tompablampo, and others, have all moved ahead and are investing their money in newer and larger boats. The seiner *Francis* has been delivered to Pesquera Del Pacifico, the *Robin* and *St. Christina* sold to a company in Guyamas under Mr. Dias, and the 45-foot *Priscilla* has gone to Lionel Vasquerez at Punta Penasco. All of these sales but the *Francis* were made through Jerry's Boat Sales, working with Mr. Linde as Van Camp's agent, and really proving there is still a good market for boats if the price is fair and the boat in good condition. Jerry reports other buyers for the same size boats are writing him from every country in South America, that borders either the Pacific or Atlantic Oceans, and almost every country in Central America. This is quite a coverage and we should soon see more of our boats going to our fishermen friends in thes countries if Jerry's Boat Sales records are any indication.

IN our own back yard a fairly new type of fishing is catching the eye of some of the smaller boat owners. Abalone fishing is not new to California, as it has been going on for years north of Pt. Conception, but now our Channel Islands are proving good grounds when the fisherman is using these new type diving helmets and, with the aid of a small compresser, can go to depths beyond the reach of a skin diver. The season works in just right for the small boats who find tough sledding in the months from mackerel season until local barracuda and albacore get them on their feet again. Two men can usually do the job, one being the diver and the other tending his lines and keeping the gear running properly while a man is on the bottom. Abalones are sold by the dozen and must be of legal size.

3000 Miles In a Jig Boat

noticed that when the other boats and ourselves slacked off, they were pulling fish in just as steadily as if it was a mechanical function. One of the other unusual features of the *Essie M.* is that Jimmy put his GM 4 cyl. Diesel in over five years ago when it was new, and hasn't had one major or minor repair. Except during this trip when one of the injector timps burned out and he had to replace the old injector with a new one. I was told that he has something like 12.000 hours on that motor! That, to me, is a lot of hours for any motor. Jimmy was in San Diego and unloaded fully two and a half weeks before we were, and by the time that we got in the party the spirits were all gone.

OUR trip may or may not prove something, but one thing stands out, and that's the fact that small boats of our class can make long runs, such as we made. Possibly ours was just the beginning or trail blazing trip for other boats. The more I look into the tuna fishing possibilities, the more I see its great opportunities. A great many changes are in store for small boat owners and the tuna industry, if the industry is to progress. New ideas will have to be effected to promote the healthy and assured growth. Unity has been the lifeblood of other big business, and it should be with the multimillion-dollar tuna business, both for big boats and small boats.

EBB 'N FLOW

(*Continued from Page 6*)

and go over the problem more in detail and with more facts.

"Respectfully submitted,

"Clinton D. McKinnon, M.C."

ALIENS AND JOBS

Fishermen's Protest:

A member of San Diego's American-born tuna fishing fleet spread the word, the local newspapers picked it up, played it up, and the waterfront jumped. Aliens, without so much as a by-your-leave from Uncle Sam, had been making a good living from jobs on several big clippers, while he and numerous others had wandered about unemployed, he claimed. In less than 24 hours the outcry had reached uproarious proportions; the "jobless veteran angle" had been brought in; charges that more than 300 American fishermen had been "beached" over a 3-year period were brought out, and an investigation as to how the aliens worked it was underway. Their methods, if true, were interesting.

Induction:

The "beached ex-GI's" said the aliens were, for the most part, Portuguese, who had traveled from Madeira and other islands to places like the oil fields of Venezuela, in search of work. Once in South America, they wrote letters to friends and relatives among San Diego's fishing fleet, and arranged to be taken aboard when next a big clipper called at Puntarenas, Costa Rica and Panama. Then, with enough money saved to permit an airplane trip to Central America, they went aboard the ships with a perfectly valid passport. (The American Consul visaes the crew list. All necessary papers were held when the ship came back to San Diego). Balancing of the crew, therefore, was easy. After having taken aboard several aliens, the ship merely dropped a like number of American crewmen upon its next trip to San Diego.

Legal Action:

Once the publicity got a start, legal interference, of course, cropped up. A San Diego lawyer, E. L. Johnson, lodged a protest with the Immigration Service in Washington, D. C., on behalf of several fishermen; the protest got into the hands of Senator Sheridan Downey, (D-California), and Assistant Immigration Commissioner Willard Kelly announced in Washington, D. C., that the San Diego office of the Service had been ordered to launch an inquiry. Johnson's protest was carefully-worded and satisfactorily explanatory. Clients of his, he outlined, had no grievance against Mexican labor, which was lawfully okayed by American stipulation. But they were not happy in any sense of the word, he indicated, about Portuguese seamen who come to the United States and obtained 30-day port permits between ships. The 30-day time limit, he said, was utilized by them as a "casual worker" for some canneries and fishermen; then many of them managed to extend their leaves up to five or six months. Southern California ports, as the result, had as many as 300 to 500 illegal fishermen and cannery workers, and the list was "ballooning"; had been for several years and probably would continue to do so, unless something were done about it. Most of the fishing industry, however, did not agree with Johnson. "This is the first time I've heard about it," said J. J. Camillo, General Manager, Lower California Fisheries Association. "I can't believe it. The Union checks the fishing boats before they go out, and all the cannery workers are unionized." Fred Martinez, Business Agent for the AFL Cannery Workers and Fishermens Union said his organization would welcome any investigation, and, on April 6, a group of the jobless American fishermen took another step. It was in the form of a protest to United States Attorney General Tom Clark, and it advised that the AFL Cannery Workers and Fishermen Union "is Portuguese-dominated and no relief can be expected from it."

Buicks and Cadillacs:

"It," (the San Diego waterfront), "is a scene of native citizens on foot in search of work, while aliens can be seen driving to and from the docks in Cadillacs and Buicks," the protest held. Moreover, the jobless Americans wanted Clark to issue a directive to the Immigration Service that would immediately halt the entry in the United States of additional alien seamen by the device of signing on "temporarily." The aliens already here, they pointed out, also should be deported, if so employed.

Teapot Tempest:

The action of the jobless failed to excite Lester Balinger, Union Secretary. Only 50 union members currently were out of work; the Union had a membership of about 2,000 fishermen, he said. He admitted that some aliens had been hired by the fishing fleet during the manpower shortage occasioned by the war. But he would take measures to guard the membership; it would be in the form of a refusal of a work permit to additional aliens brought from Central America. "The boat owners have cooperated with the Union and have agreed to return these aliens to where they were shipped on," he disclosed. "One arrived here last week (mid-month), and he was denied a work permit. The whole proceedings, however, had the same effect as the beating of skulls against stone walls. The fact remained that, regardless of the moral issue involved, most of the aliens, if they had taken jobs from the Americans, had done so in an entirely legal manner. Briefed down, figures showed surprisingly few feshermen and cannery workers on the "beach" as result of the "alien influx," and, so far as the Immigration Service was concerned, it would have to withhold direct action unless Tom Clark would authorize a stricter inter-

(*Continued on Page 28*)

MEN & MACHINERY

(Along with the horse and buggy, the ragged old rubber tire, which some sailors used to protect their vessels, has gone from the waterfront scene. Here a bit of story on what one company has done to throw the tire into the discard.)

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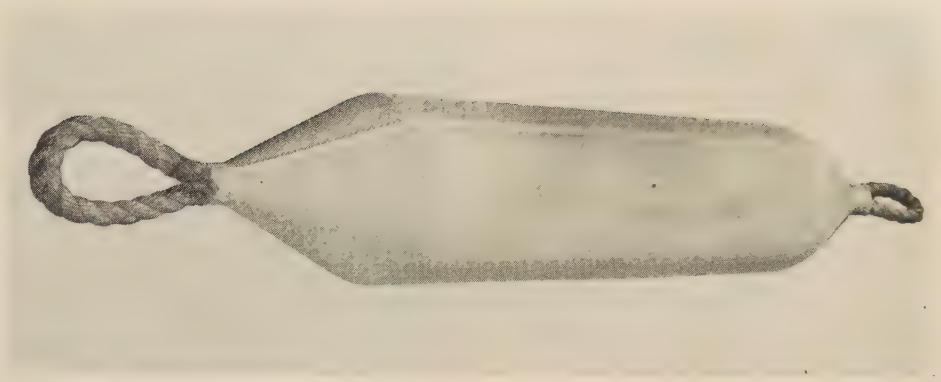
By WILLIAM P. DALEY



Top-Flight Product

The Essar Boat Fender

THE newest thing out in boat fenders this spring is a far cry from the battered old rubber tire with which, in the past, a yachtsman had to be contented in the protection of his trim vessel. The new fender is "Essar," a slick, glistening product that fairly shouts *today*.

Made of sponge rubber and cork, with a white mechanical rubber skin and sealed rope ends, "Essar" is manufactured by The Sponge Rubber Products Company of Shelton, Connecticut. These fenders have — and retain — unusual buoyancy, and their unusual construction gives them a capacity for long wear, the water-tight, seamless rubber skin prevents waterlogging, is not easily injured by barnacles, does not pick up sand or grit, is not affected by salt or fresh water, and maintains a "new look" longer.

Another important quality of "Essar," which will be appreciated by the man who hovers over his craft like a worried father, (and what yachtsman doesn't?) is the soft cushioning contact this fender gives over a wide area. The sponge rubber affords a protective rubbery "give" somewhat similar to that delightful feeling you experience when you sink into the foam rubber seat of a Stratocruiser.

And yet the fender has remarkable strength. The white rubber skin will not rip and tear under pressure. In exacting tests, the 5″ diameter fender has been compressed to a thickness of 2″, and has sprung back to approximately its same dimensions; and as for buoyancy, this same large-size fender, which weighs only six pounds, supports eight pounds dead weight in fresh water.

There are three sizes of the fender—3 inch diameter by 15 inches long, 4 inches by 18 inches, and 5 inches by 24 inches.

"Essar" was developed by research men at The Sponge Rubber Products Company, who had been familiar with the manufacture of fenders of many types. They had the idea that these fenders could be vastly improved—made more buoyant, and stronger, and made to keep a neat, shipshape appearance over a longer period of time.

SO they decided to substitute for the usual canvas, which was apt to rip, and which was difficult to clean, a sealed white rubber skin which could be washed in a couple of minutes, or, for that matter, could be given a fresh coat of white paint in no time flat. Next to the mechanical skin, they put a layer of cushiony sponge rubber, and in the center, the lightest and most buoyant cork they could find. For greater strength, and affinity with the sponge rubber, they mixed the cork with rubber cement. Finally, they put in a rope specially treated to resist fungus and rot, a rope that goes through the fender from end to end, and is doubled over and clipped at both ends. Then the whole fender — mechanical rubber, sponge rubber, cork and rope—is vulcanized as a unit. The result is a trim, nautical-looking fender which affords great protection and for which years of wear are promised.

The Sponge Rubber Products Company, which produces "Essar," is a young company, with young ideas. Only 26 years old, it is now the largest manufacturer of cellular rubber products in the world. Among its products are cellular rubber buoys, lobster pot floats, automobile and refrigerator-door stripping, gaskets, rug cushion underlay, bath sponges, rubberized hair for upholstery, and luxurious foam rubber fillers for cushions and mattresses that make "sleeping aboard" a genuine pleasure on many marine craft.

The company was founded in 1923 at New Haven, Connecticut, by four men, three of whom were less than thirty years of age. The four men, all having gained experience in various departments of rubber companies, decided that sponge rubber was the product they were most qualified to make. And, appropriately enough, at this toddling stage of the company's progress, toy balls — made of sponge rubber — were the item they decided to concentrate upon.

For a year these men comprised the whole working organization; they developed their compounds, mixed the batches, made the balls, then went out and sold them—and hurried home to pack, ship and bill them. Meanwhile, two of the men were holding jobs with other companies to help keep the little company going. From this struggling, hard-working young outfit grew the organization that today employs more than 1500 skilled workers, manufactures more than a thousand different sponge rubber products and serves almost every industry in the country.

These men obviously deserve their success, and it is emphasized daily by letters from boat owners who have used the Essar boat fender. Their early efforts, which included a maximum of detail designed to make the Essar, for one product, a big success, have never been slackened in the process of turning out an excellent product. And the customers, both early-day and those of the present crop, have made no bones about their appreciation. Luther Dallie of Seattle, is one. His letter to Pan-American magazine read, "The Essar is not only a Number 1 product of its kind, but it definitely dresses up my boat. And what a beating it can take!"

Morton Kane of Boston, Massachusetts, is another satisfied user of Sponge Rubber Products. "Whether," he says, "a man uses rubber buoys, lobster pots floats, rug cushions or what-have-you, the result is the same: Complete consumer satisfaction."

"I spend no little sum of money a year for those products," says George Harvey of Terminal Island, California, "and, from a standpoint of wear-and-tear, it all comes back to me in the form of savings, which means, in the case of sponge rubber, long wear, and service."

All-in-all, the Sponge Rubber Products Company's record would seem to be one to be proud of.

EBB'N FLOW

(Continued from page 26)

pretation of the existing immigration laws. Under the present set-up, merchant seamen, including fishermen aliens, were admissable in the United States and were permitted to stay for 29 days, or so long as their vessel was in port, within the 29-day period. Extensions, if the vessel remained longer than the time allotted, could be got up to 90 days. The law itself had an odd quirk in it. Foreign fishermen were not allowed to ship on boats sailing between American ports, but they could work on tuna boats fishing foreign waters, and, theoretically, could stay in the United States indefinitely, if they abided by the 29-day in port proviso, and whatever extensions they could put over after each trip. By the month's end, the tempest had quieted to a sputter. Then, at the month's end, it roared into life once more.

Action:

San Diego's Immigration Service board of inquiry found that two Portuguese aliens had been transported to the city as passengers, rather than seamen, and suggested they should be immediately deported. Clark, who had studied the case from its beginning, sustained the board in its decision. The aliens, Francisco Do Monte, 25, and Manuel De Sousa, 22, arrived in the Border City February 4, from Puntarenas, Costa Rica, and had been held since that time at a local detention center. They would be returned to Panama. The hunt was on again. But the majority of Southern California's fishing industry still saw it as a teapot tempest.

PLASTIC FISH

Innovation:

Carl Stockman of National City, California, a former rodeo star turned fisherman, had got tired of watching fish ignore his invitation to come aboard. At 37, Stockman had fished for about 12 years, and sometime during that period, he got the idea that a good plastic lure could go far toward the business of commercially fishing for tuna. He broached the idea to Harold E. Peterson and Guy Silva, both San Diego, California, fishermen, and the idea took shape. The first output was a green, sardine-size fish with a white belly, hinged fore and aft in the body to provide a swimming motion. That was five years ago, and, even though it showed promise, the thing needed improvement. After the initial trial, which occurred on Guy Silva's boat, the *Emma R. S. Stockman* went ashore to continue the development. The next step, which included a trial on the *Galapagos*, owned at that time by Ed Pierre of San Diego, clinched the point. Fish went for it like a ton of brick. But it wasn't strong enough. A year ago Stockman and Peterson incorporated; came up with a jig which had been improved to include a toggle fore and aft, heavy nylon interlacing, and a stainless, heat-treated hook, and got into production. But they reckoned without considering just what they had on their hands. Swamped with inquiries, their tempo of production must be stepped up, and, to that end, Stockman began working night and day to supply the demand. More trials had proved the lure would cut bait consumption by 50 per cent; about 30 hooks per man was needed to outfit a crew; the jig could retail profitably at $3.25 each for the large lure, with about 70 cents less than that for the smaller sizes. It looked like Fishong Lures, Incorporated, National City, was a successful new business, although the 1,000 hooks a day permitted by present production methods probably would not keep up with the orders.

Manufacturer

Carl Stockman shown with three sizes of his new jig.

THE INDUSTRY

Holding the Line:

News from the South Pacific had it that complete plans and arrangements for a huge delivery of tuna from a giant "mothership" to San Diego had been made. The ship, operating out of Houston, Texas, was the *Oceanic V*, a 328-foot converted LST, operated by 40 men. Announcement of the development was made by Ross O. Leeper, Fleet Manager of San Diego Packing Company, and it touched off more plans by various business and civic interests to keep the city's fabulous tuna industry at home. News from the *Oceanic* exploded a joint meeting between officials of the San Diego Harbor Association and the Chamber of Commerce Harbor Committee at a swank downtown hotel, and, possibly for the first time in several months, decisive action was taken.

Twin-pronged:

The dilemma might be erased by a combination of on-the-scene analysis, and study by a qualified engineer as to just what other cities were offering San Diego's fishing gentlemen. So much, at least, was agreed upon. James B. Lane, Vice-President of Westgate Seafood Packing Company, bluntly told the group that more facilities, less taxes and additional service were needed more than anything else. Texas, Mississippi, and Louisiana were willing to make plenty of concessions to get a $65,000,000 industry to come in, set up shop, and employ their people. Harold Cary, General Manager of American Tunaboat Association, drew a clear picture

of the situation. Among other things, he told the group that, while the tuna fleet remained in port an average of only 70 days a year, it was taxed as much as firms operated in San Diego the year around. Arnold Klaus, Assistant Manager of the Chamber, disclosed that some of the bigger boats paid taxes as large as those forked over by some of the city's biggest department stores. That meant, he said, about $10,000 per annum, and Lane added to that information by reminding those present that New Orleans, Louisiana, had offered canneries and tunaboats 10-year leases, tax free. Admiral Frederick Sherman, USN, retired, Chairman of the Chamber's Harbor Committee, was willing to accept, at least in principle, Lane's suggestion, which followed his outline, that a three-man committee, selected from the Harbor Association, Harbor Committee, and Harbor Commission, study the fishing picture. Klaus then added to the snowballing discussion by suggesting that an industrial engineer be sent to rival cities to find out just what they were offering the tuna industry in San Diego. Port Director John Bate, George Dew, Vice-President, National Steel and Shipbuilding Company, joined Lane in his summary, which included a warning that the city was in immediate danger of losing its tuna industry. Present also were Harold B. Starkey, President, Chamber of Commerce; George Campbell, President, Campbell Machine Company, and Carl Reupsch, Assistant Port Director, and the meeting wound up by touching off several direct developments ((1), the Chamber recommended, during the month, that plans for proper mooring and anchorage to aid the fishing fleet be prepared by the Harbor Commission, (2), more study of the situation, and, (3), the Chamber's Industrial Committee would ask the Chamber's Legislation and Taxation committee to consider the fishing industry's taxation problems. It could be said that, during the month, a sufficient amount of pressure had been brought to bear on not only the Chamber of Commerce, but upon every civic-minded San Diego citizen.

The Sherry Ann Case:

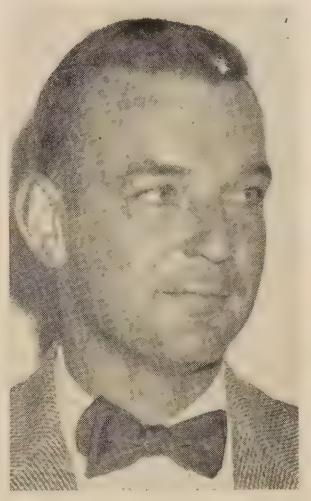
Hervey M. Petrich, Tacoma, Washington, boatbuilder, and a potent voice in the commercial fishing industry, added another jab. In San Diego for a short visit, his observations were blunt, to the point. "Tuna clippers," he said, "must have a more equitable adjustment, regarding the tax structure." Cities along the Gulf of Mexico were offering great inducements to San Diego fisheries. Many of these cities had more advantages to offer than had the "Tuna Capital of the World." These included closer proximity to tuna fishing banks, easier access to major markets, and cheaper labor. He had been eyeing a location at Pascagoula, Mississippi, and he had just launched the 150-foot *Mary E. Petrich*, and, although it had been scheduled to join Van Camp Seafood Company's fleet in the Border City, the local tax structure was causing hesitancy in its definite assignment. As a clincher to his remarks, he pointed out that his boat, the *Sherry Ann*, which also had fished for Van Camp, was awaiting outcome of a Superior Court suit, which sought to recover a total of $14,053.90 in taxes paid under protest for the fiscal years, 1948-'49. The trim, Tacoma-built tunaboat, he added, had been assessed at Tacoma, her point of registry, for $350,000, and had been taxed only $390. The comparison was not favorable, and the information gave San Diego something else to add up if it were to keep its tuna industry. Then came this bolo: Some heavy money was being promoted to establish a huge tuna industry in Mississippi and Texas, and Petrich assertedly held a part of it.

Congressional Action:

Petrich, however, was not the only one. The Oceanic Sales Company of Houston, Texas, which was planning a $600,000 cannery in that city, had broken the ice. Their "mothership," fed by

(*Continued on next page*)

• INSURANCE PROBLEMS •



By WARREN D. PIERCE

MUCH talk is being heard along the water front and in Marine Underwriters' offices concerning an expected increase in Marine Insurance rates on vessels in the fishing fleet. It is a fact that all known marine insurance markets of consequence are disturbed and are showing evidences of stiffening due to an unfavorable loss ratio the past few years. While it is true that an undue proportion of losses will result in the destruction of insurance companies, it is equally true that losses make the business possible. Underwriters do not invite losses, nevertheless they are welcomed in moderation as furnishing the very best evidence for the continuance of the business of insuring. If losses were to be reduced to a minimum the question would arise whether or not it is cheaper for an assured to carry the risk himself or to insure it with a professional risktaker. Fortunately for the insurance business, the assured who reasons thus, and attempts to put this theory into practice, seldom succeeds, and generally gains a new respect for the hazards involved in Marine Insurance. Until nature, operating on the high seas, changes its unpredictability, losses will occur and the necessity and need for marine insurance will continue.

The whole fabric of Marine and General Insurance is based on good faith and fair dealing existing between the Underwriter and the assured. Rates are established which are calculated to be adequate to compensate for the losses paid, expenses incurred, and fair profit on invested capital. Competition tends to hold rates down to the point where there is only a fair margin of profit on the capital invested. It is really the loss experience that directly affects insurance rates. Poor ownership or incompetent management means losses, some of which may present evidence of unfair dealing.

A good record will procure rates and insurance on vessels which, because of their age, for instance, would otherwise be uninsurable. On the contrary, a bad record in the owning and management of vessels, which are in themselves good risks, will make the procurement of insurance a difficult matter. The matter of ownership and management involves not only the question of accident to vessels through errors of judgment in navigation owing to the employment of incompentent masters and crew, but it also concerns itself with the maintenance of the vessel. A run-down vessel is a bad insurance risk from the underwriter's point of view. Vessels need constant attention and, if through mismanagement an owner neglects the upkeep of his vessel, his loss record will soon reveal the fact even if it is not otherwise discovered by the underwriters. High insurance rates, or no insurance at all, will and must be the inevitable result.

three purse seiners, had proved successful. If Petrich, in truth, was interested in Pascagoula, Mississippi, it was time for action by the lawmakers. It came from two Congressmen late in the month. They were John Colmer (D-Mississippi), and Clark Thompson, (D-Texas), and they submitted bills calling for a Government study of tuna and shrimp in Southern waters. The picture, for San Diego, looked even blacker in April than it had in March.

INDUSTRY DILEMMA

Trouble In The Offing:

July 1 meant more than three-day period before a holiday to Southern California commercial fishermen and packers. On that date, if Congress failed to enact legislation to maintain the job of Dr. Wilbur M. Chapman, or, if Secretary of State Dean Acheson failed to order it continued, the industry would lose its special Assistant to the Undersecretary of State. The situation was alarming; Chapman had proved, by hard work, tact and ability, that he was the best policy-level spokesman on international fisheries problems yet to function in Washington, D. C. As late as March 25, protests still were making the rounds. Milton E. Brooding, San Francisco member of the Pacific Fisheries Conference, headed a West Coast delegation in Washington to enlist the aid of Senators Sheridan Downey (D-California, and Warren D. Magnuson, (D-Washington), in holding Chapman. The looming deadline seemed to worry Chapman little. Author of more than 80 volumes on fishing in general, including a smooth-selling book called *Fishing In Troubled Waters* (Lippincott, in February), it was apparent that finances didn't bother him. The fact that more than one organization was waiting to snap him up was another.

BRIGHT FUTURE

New Orleans of the Pacific?

Mexico's soldier - politician - tycoon, General Abelardo L. Rodriguez, had got along all right with the United States since his rise to the Presidency of his native country, and to the position of Mexico's top industrial leader. Early in the month he decided to make another of his periodical tours of Southern California, and, on one leg of his journey, he stopped off in San Diego, California. His visit left the fishing and shipping industry with an earful. He spoke at a luncheon given in his honor at the city's dough-heavy, blue-blooded Cuyamaca Club by the Mexico Committee of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce, and the tone of his speech flatly suggested that the United States, in its mad scramble to commercially exploit Europe and Asia, had virtually forgotten the extensive maritime trade possibilities with the west Coasts of Mexico, Central and South America. Said Rodriguez, who currently is governor of Sonora, Mexico: "There is no reason

(*Continued on next page*)

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why San Diego cannot become the New Orleans of the Pacific Coast, with proper initiative and development. San Diego has a big future as a port of trade with the Pacific Coast, not only of Mexico, but of Central and South America."

Progress of New Orleans:

An example of what New Orleans had done to bolster her maritime trade, he emphasized, could be seen in that city's recent tremendous progress in commerce with Latin America. New Orleans had, to put it mildly, slipped much of its present business right from under New York City. "The San Diego Chamber of Commerce," he went on, "should take notice now of the tremendous development that is taking place on the Pacific Coast of Latin American natoins, and especially of the West Coast of Mexico. San Diego should be getting ready for the future trade these areas will bring to the Pacific Ports of the United States."

Mexican Industry:

As a partial emphasis to his point, Rodriguez mentioned the farm development going on in the Mexican states of Sinaloa and Sonora, where extensive irrigation works had been completed, with more now under construction. These developments, he said, were reclaiming huge tracts of land, which, although fertile, had hitherto been unproductive due to lack of water. Crops, he explained, included flax, rice, peas and other vegetables—much of which would be exported. Mexican mining was being exploited further every day, and the product also would require water transportation. And on the subject of Mexican fishing, he was enthusiastic. This industry, he explained, was becoming increasingly important to that country's economy; Abalone, he said as an example, was being canned in quantity in Ensenada, Mexico, and was being transported at present not only to the United States, but as far away as China. Then he left for Los Angeles.

GULF CITY PRESSURE

More 'Foreign' Money:

Aware that commercial fishing news was hot stuff, San Diego, California, newspaper editors sent some of their best reporters to every available source in the city. Was it true that Texas capital was to come to the Border City? The rumor was strong that a San Diego cannery was going to sell to a Houston, Texas, group, which would use it as a branch of its tuna operations at Pascagoula, Mississippi. Denials, however, flew thick and fast; not the least of them came from Brown and Root of Houston, who were supposed to be the ones interested. At the month's end, the rumor still was a "must" on the "watch" list for San Diego's waterfront reporters, even though local cannery officials flatly denied the whole thing.

NEW CHIEF

Appointed:

No one knew exactly why, except those in the driver's seat. But, on April 7, Enrique Romay was named Director General of Fisheries and Allied Industries, replacing Captain Enrique Villegas. Romay had done a good job, and Villegas was an exceptionally capable man.

LAUNCHING THE DERBY

Prizes and Pisces:

San Diego, California's, Marlin Inn was jam-packed. More than 100 persons had been attracted to the dinner. It was the official launching of the Border City's Third Annual Yellowtail Fishing Derby; the guests ate yellowtail and discussed the project, which was a Junior Chamber of Commerce promotion. This year's derby would run from April 30 to Sept. 17 and offer $10,000 in merchandise prizes — including a 1949 Dodge automobile — to the fisherman who catch the biggest yellowtail.

(*Continued on next page*)

Councilman Vincent T. Godfrey, representing the City Government, lauded the annual contest as "the kind of event that will bring a lot of new money into San Diego."

The first derby attracted 3000 contestants; last year's had 3000 contestants. This year the junior chamber hopes to double the 1948 total.

Support of the County Government, the Harbor Department and sport-fishing concerns were pledged by representatives introduced by Dave Thompson, of the San Diego California Club, who was master of ceremonies.

Cooperation:

"The Junior Chamber has given a lot of thought and effort to the derby," Thompson commented, "but don't forget there are many merchants both in and out of San Diego who have enough faith and confidence in the Yellowtail Derby to donate $10,000 worth of prizes."

Top prize, for the largest fish caught on Derby Day, Sept. 17, would be the two-door 1949 Dodge sedan.

FISHERIES APPROPRIATION

Tuna Probe Finances:

President Truman had asked $89,000 more. He had wanted for his 1950 budget to heel the Fish and Wildlife Service in its investigation, exploration, and development of tuna fisheries in the Central Pacific, $989,000. The House okayed $900,000. Exploration for tuna banks in the mandated islands area of the Pacific authorized under the Farrington Act, approved in the 80th Congress. The exploratory program was begun last year by the Fish and Wildlife Service after Congress put up an initial appropriation of a million dollars last year.

The fiscal 1950 appropriation was largely for operation expenses and the equipping of three exploratory vessels. Headquarters for the project had been established in Honolulu, from where the expeditions will search for tuna banks.

The service expected the project to open a vast new tuna area for American commercial fishermen. Information gathered by the service on the Pacific fishery would be at the disposal of San Diego and San Pedro tuna fishermen.

SOLONS AND SARDINES

Quashed Measures:

The California State Legislature at Sacramento apparently thought little of both bills. First blow was dealt by the Senate Fish and Game Committee, which voted 6 to 3 to table a bill by Assemblyman Vincent Thomas, which would establish a uniform and a little shorter sardine season and eliminate the so-called summer pack. The measure, of course, was designed to conserve the California sardine. Second, the Assembly Fish and Game Committee refused by a vote of 4 to 5 to approve a bill by Sen. Clyde Watson, of Orange, sponsoned by Northern California fishing interests. It would continue the present split season but on a shorter overall period, eliminate the summer pack and set an 8-inch minimum size limit on sardines for processing.

The double defeat resulted from an apparently irreconciable breach between northern and southern sardine interests over the present split season.

At present, the sardine season is from Aug. 1 to Feb. 15 in the Monterey-San Francisco area, and from Oct. 1 to March 1 in the San Pedro area.

Southern Californians charged the split season gives Northern Californians an economic advantage in that they could get their pack on the market first and thus set the market price. Northern Californians answered that the split season bears only on the migratory cycle of the sardines, that the supply come on in the north before it did in the south.

Triple Defeat:

Earlier in the month, Assemblyman Frank Luckel of San Diego, California,

(*Continued on next page*)

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had seen his bill, which levied severe restrictions on the sardine reduction plants, and which called for investing the State Fish and Game with very nearly plenary powers over that industry, killed in Committee. The committee voted to table the measure after Roy Beaton, representing the Southern California Fish Canners Association, and others expressed vigorous opposition to the bill.

The bill would have stripped most of the existing law covering reduction plants, would have provided that a sardine canner could use only 25 percent of the sardines received at the plant each month, instead of 32½ percent as at present.

PUCCINELLI DIES

Sudden End:

Salty-tongued, courageous and colorful, he refused to heed the warnings. For a long time his great heart had reacted to hard labor uncertainly, but he never let up at either his office or in the operation of the countless civic duties on which he was continuously at work. He was 56 when he died of a cerebral hemorrhage, while undergoing a routine check-up in his doctor's office at Terminal Island, California. The one-time boxer had wanted to be buried at San Francisco, California, where he had started his career as a newsboy and lived until 1939. His brother and two sisters lived there; he had established himself as a potent factor in Southern California fishing circles by the time he had died.

Died

Rinaldo L. Puccinelli, President, Pan Pacific Fisheries, Terminal Island, California.

Colorful Career:

Rinaldo L. Puccinelli was one of America's truly great humanitarians; he would fight at the drop of a hat over questions of racial intolerance. Once, in one of his ads, which called attention to Pan Pacific Fisheries products, of which he was President, he wished Christmas greetings to the public in 13 different languages. He counted 33 godchildren, and sponsored inumerable

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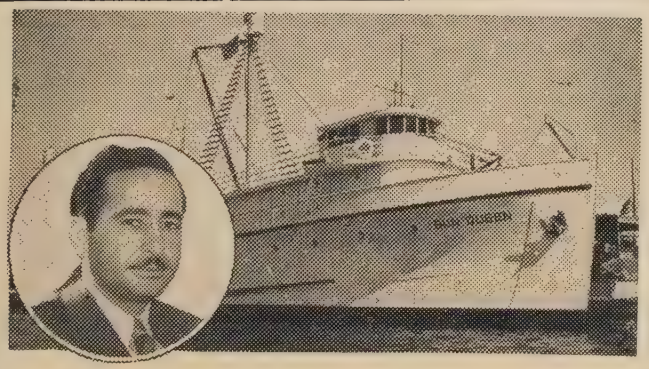

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Harbor Area youth organizations. He was married, but had no children of his own.

From the Bottom:

As a newsboy at Third and Market Streets in San Francisco, he used to vow that, one day, he would own the drug store in front of which he sold papers. He lived to own the store and two others. Later, he became a bond salesman and bail bondsman in San Francisco, and, later yet, he boxed and promoted prize fights.

Once, during a low ebb in his fortunes, "Doc" was asked about his troubles by Lee Gim, for 14 years his household cook and man-of-all-pursuits.

Advised that he was broke, Lee said: "Why you no tellee me!" and promptly staked him to $5,000 in cash.

"Doc" never forgot. When the old man went home to the Orient to live his declining years in mellow retirement, he began to send over a stream of young Chinese with instructions to become good Americans. "Doc" took them under his wing, saw that they were helped and guided to maturity. During the twenties, Puccinelli received a total of 18 boys in this manner. All are now grown and married.

One of the "Doc's" more spectacular enterprises in the years to come was a sea-food "drive-in" which he opened on Beverly Boulevard in Los Angeles in 1936. For eye-catching effect, it was built up with no less than 26 tons of abolone shells. Later he transformed it into a restaurant, and, despite warnings that it would fail, had by 1938 developed the business into a substantial success.

There followed another colorful venture, which came a cropper, and presently he was broke again.

He wouldn't stay down. Just before the turn of the '40's, he joined the Los Angeles Fish & Oyster Company, then under Jack Deluca, later to be purchased by Alex Paladini. Salary to begin with, while learning the business: $50 per week, plus $10 for expenses.

He seldom used his expense allowance, but by the mid-'40's, he had run his salary up to $20,000 per year, was supplying many of the top night club and restaurant accounts in California and had cornered perhaps 90% of the seafood volume in Palm Springs. He often said he owed a debt of gratitude to the many friends, particularly in San Francisco, who helped his make the rebound successfully by providing customer contacts.

Inevitably, the buying of market fish also led to the buying of cannery fish; they usually came off the fishing boats together.

During the 1944-45 period he acquired the barge *Mary* at San Francisco and was shortly buying albacore from the fishing vessels at Catalina. Such little venures he used to call these "Boob McNutt" deals, but they were germinating in him the seeds of the idea which was ultimately to become Pan-Pacific Fisheries, Inc.

Briefly, he bought into the Sardamac cannery at Wilmington (he had 48%) and within a matter of months moved on to the next great challenge which was to test his managerial talents to the fullest: Pan-Pacific.

The construction of Pan-Pacific on Terminal Island commenced in January 1946. Coming at the moment of the acute post-war materials shortage, there were headaches in profusion. But the "Doc" was not one to meet these obstacles passively; he met them dynamically, battering away with verve and determination until the plant stood, complete and entire, ultra-modern and gleaming, ready for production on October 1 of the same year.

"I had a rabbi in to put a mazuza on the door," he explained once, "and a

(Continued on next page)

priest to bless the cannery. Then we went to work."

Pan-Pacific began with a capitalization of $175,000. The organization's worth, had since increased enormously, and its present survey value was approximately $1,000,000.

NO CUTS, NO CHANGES

Fishing Fees On The Fire:

Small boat owners, the opinion went in Washington, D.C., had little chance of getting lower Mexican fishing fees by altering their boat measurements. Owners had protested the Customs Bureau's method of measuring gross and net tonnage. The measurements were used by the Mexican government to fix license fees they must pay for fishing "foreign."

Owners claimed they are forced to pay discriminatory and high license fees which did not reflect the revenue-cargo they can carry. Protests were from owners of craft under 50 feet long. Larger boats obtained an adjustment some time ago.

Measuring techniques were reviewed four years ago when similar protests were made. The Bureau decided then to stick to its system. A spokesman said the system was used by the Maritime Commission on all U.S. craft and any change to please San Diego boat owners would prompt violent opposition by other maritime interests.

The Customs Bureau was awaiting a formal report and full details on the complaint from Rep. Clinton D. McKinnon. He has undertaken to represent the boat owners.

The owners had filed protests with the State Department but since the United States would not permit Mexican fishing boats in its waters, the Department has little chance of getting the Mexican license fee lowered.

A Little Light:

Meanwhile, in the Nation's Capitol, Dr. W. M. Chapman, Special State Department Assistant for Fisheries, gave the small craft operators a little hope. They would not, he explained, have to pay license fees to the Mexican Government if they fished off the Mexican Coast from San Diego and San Pedro, California,—if they stayed three miles out. Chapman's ruling ansyered complaints from Southern California fishermen operating on boats under 50 feet in length that they were being forced to pay high Mexican license fees.

Chapman said the U.S. had no convention or treaty with Mexico requiring that American small boat fishermen must pay license fees if they remain beyond the 3-mile limit. He conceded Mexican authorities might contest this ruling, but said the State Department was ready to stand by it.

Chapman also said he believed certain Central American countries, including Cista Rica, are reconsidering their decision to slap increased tariffs on Southern California tuna boats and a claim that sovereignty extends 900 miles from shore. The State Department has protested the increased fees.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Martinolich

(*Continued from page 11*)

the construction of 10 new five-room bungalows completely built and furnished.

"For every ship the Martinolich yards launch averages in cost $39,000. Nine of those ships struck salt water for the first time at the Martinolich yards last year. Now two more are on the ways, the first so near completion that it will be launched at 5 o'clock the afternoon of March 2. Who, viewing the little four-way Martinolich plant, would expect it to be an industry employing 37 men in the slack season, 55 men at the peak, producing a business of around $350,000 a year and scattering its purchases over a score of Tacoma and Seattle specialty houses? For when these Martinolich ships are launched, they are fully equipped, completely furnished ocean homes for fishermen and their equipment must include everything required for a boarding house tenanted by from eight to more than a dozen men. Every ship sent out is built to carry fuel for a 5,000 mile cruising radius. Sometimes the boats will be away from port for 30 to 40 days or more.

"The hulls are models of sturdiness and entirely made of Tacoma milled lumber and metalwork; the galleys—kitchens to you landsmen—are models of efficiency and cleanliness; the staterooms would be the envy of hotel housekeepers and in comfort rival Pullman berths; the engineroom is the ship's workroom and a model of mechanical efficiency; the pilot hause is equipped with the most modern devises for control, communication and course charting; within the sea-battered sides is the fish hold built to take fish running into tonnages of 100 or more; intrical electrical work for lights and other services are provided; fire protection must be considered, pumps to keep holds dry—all these inumerable factors common to land and sea where men must live and work and be made as safe as possible under hazardous conditions. All that in a tight little ship, 70 to 80 feet long and 20 odd feet wide!

"Most of these boats that the Martinolich yards put out are for California owners, who know the plant's reputation and realize they get here a better boat, regardless of what it costs, than they can buy at home. Puget Sound and Alaska fishermen and canners come here for boats, as well, for not all of these craft are built for the same kind of fishing.

"Some are built for tuna fishing off lower California; some for sardine fishing, some for pilchards, some for salmon and some are combination boats, equipped to be suitable for California fishing part of the year and Alaska or Oregon-Washington coast fishing at other times.

"With so much money tied up in them, they must be kept at work as much of the year as possible, overhauls and repairs considered.

"The hulls now on the Martinolich ways are not identical.- Farthest advanced and now almost ready for launching is the *J. A. Martinolich*, a 78-ton sardine boat to be the personal boat of Anthony (Tony) Martinolich, president of the firm, and named for Tong's father, founder of the firm.

"It is 80 feet long, has a beam of 21 feet and its wheelhouse almost scrapes the peak of the high roof. Into it will go a 200-HP Enterprise diesel engine. Its cost is $39,000—just the average of these ships.

"Building alongside of it, and due for launching about mid-March is the Sunlight, a 70 by 18-foot combination salmon and sardine boat for Nick Joncich of Everett. (Washington). It is comparatively a small type and its cost will be $30,000. Sunlight will be about a

(*Continued on Page 38*)

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OFFICE
HARBOR 193

—FANCY CANNED FOODS—

DOCK
HARBOR 1935

Small Craft On the March

(*Continued from page 17*)

which is the 540-foot-long Roseville Pier, No. 2, at the foot of Fenelon Street, Point Loma, April 9. Proceedings were formally launched by John Bate, who cut the ribbon stretched across the entrance of the project. Opening the ceremonies on the same day, was a luncheon honoring the press and prominent members of San Diego's fishing industry. Guests included Matthew Monise one of the West Coast's most successful independent commercial fishermen; Harold Cary, Manager, American Tunaboat Association, San Diego; J. J. Camillo, General Manager Lower California Fisheries Association, San Diego; Wade Ambrose, President, Westgate Seafood Packing Company, San Diego; K. Bernardini, Peoples Packing Company, San Diego; George Kettenburg, President, Kettenburg Boat Works, San Diego; Anthony Chiappe, President, Lower California Fisheries Association, San Diego; Oscar deBeck, publisher, Pan-American magazine, and others. Bate was speaker. He reviewed problems of the Harbor Department, and complimented members of the Association on their action.

"Intelligently operated organizations are a boon to us," he said. "By their resolutions are we guided."

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P. O. BLDG. — TERMINAL ISLAND, CALIF.
FANTAILS — MONTEREYS — TRANSOM STERNS
ALL TYPES OF COMMERCIAL CRAFT

Martinolich

(*Continued from page 36*)

45-day boat; that is, its keel was laid Feb. 1 and by the time 45 days have elapsed, it will be afloat and ready for its first cruise."

From that beginning, backed with the necessary finances to expand, Martinolich has built a crack Pacific Coast shipbuilding organization which does an annual aggregate business of more than $1,000,000, and includes shipyards, in addition to the Tacoma enterprise, at San Francisco, built in 1939; the Mariposa Street yard in the Los Angeles area, built in 1941, and the San Diego, California, venture, which was run up in 1945. During this interim also, he built San Diego, California's, Lynch Shipbuilding Company yards, which he sold to its present owners several years ago, and to prove his versatility, he constructed a new yard for the war effort at San Francisco and installed 14 marine railways spotted in various parts of the Pacific Coast. Every vessel he has built has been designed by him personally, although what makes them tick on so vast a scale is something for the experts to wrangle about. A perfectionist, he will not be rushed in the construction of a boat, and when once one hits the water it is, in the vernacular of the trade, "put together." He spends a great portion of his time testing, investigating, and putting into use every gadget under the sun that could be used to improve a boat-owner's sailing and production problems, and was one of the first shipbuilders to equip his boat with radio-telephone. A stickler for good employee-management relations, his yards, without exception, are all equipped with bright, clean kitchens, where hot coffee is served to all and sundry throughout the day, and no one of his 150-odd employes ever has known him to refuse consideration of a complaint. In the words of his secretary, Miss Caroline Cutler of San Diego, "he works harder than anybody else, and he expects the same from us. But he'll go to any length to rectify an error that has caused an employe to become unhappy."

HIS San Diego office, from where he directs his organization, is clean, airy, and furnished with heavy, substantial chairs and desks. Usually he goes about in a pair of soiled canvas trousers, and, most of the time, he wears a heavy woolen shirt, thrown open at the neck. He likes to dress well, however, and when he puts on a business suit it represents a $100 investment or better. Currently he weighs about 205 pounds, has a substantial quantity of steel-grey hair, and is in excellent physical condition. His waistline is a short 38. Married since October 4, 1924, to a Tacoma girl, the former Wilhelmina Adler, whom he met in a restaurant, and who, according to him, "was the best damn waitress in the city," he lives more or less quietly, although he likes motion pictures and boating. The couple has, in addition to their son, a daughter, Dolores, 19, a San Diego model. Blond and blue-eyed as her mother, she recently functioned as Queen of San Diego's Army Day festivities.

Possessed of a tremendous appetite, Martinolich is never happier than when seated before a huge steak, or quantities of shellfish; drives a Cadillac for pleasure and a Plymouth automobile for business; is a Democrat, and assiduous in his interpretation of what constitutes the Rights of Man, and has one hobby: taking reams of pictures with his 16-millimeter motion picture camera.

"That," he says, "and making this business into a success. If you can consider working in a shipyard a hobby, of course."

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36' commercial Fantail, ice, 5-ton, A-1 shape, $3,600 cash. Write Box PA102, Pan-American Fisherman, Broadway Pier, San Diego, Calif.
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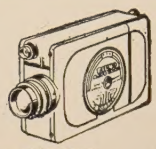

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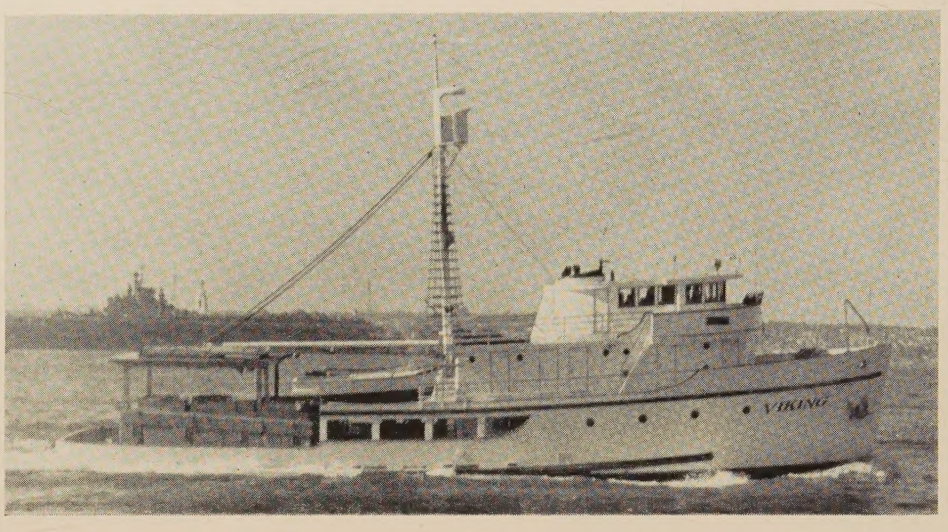

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Owner M. O. Medina looking over the operating console of his Westinghouse Radar, mounted in the Normandie's wheelhouse.

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